Khrushchev's Big Blunder

June 11, 1959 25¢

A SECOND LOOK AT THE SCHOOL PANIC

THE REPORTER

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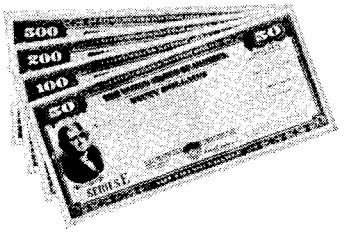

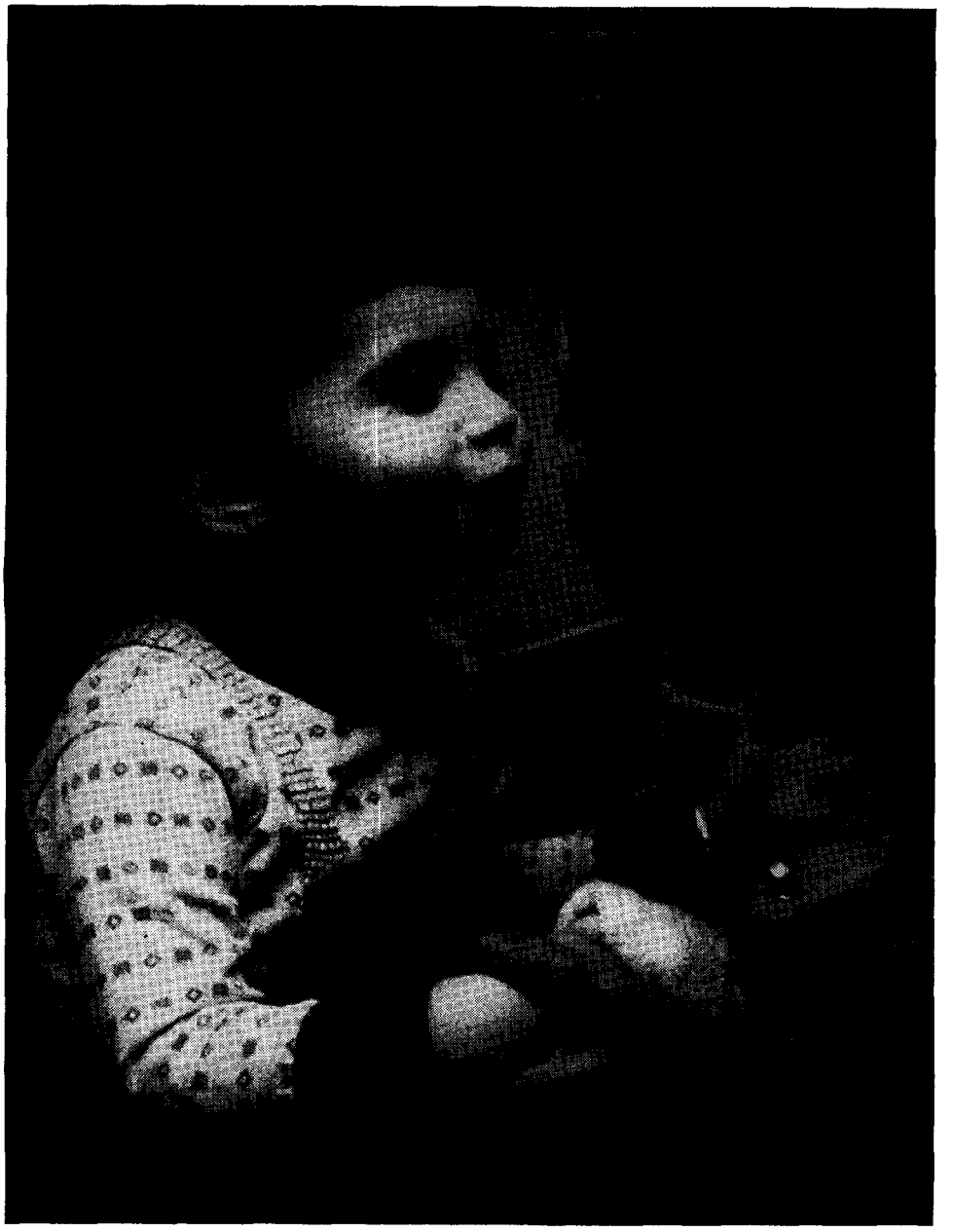

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The three gentlemen pictured are **Lionel Trilling,** literary critic and Professor of English, **Jacques Barzun,** Dean of the Faculties of Columbia University, and **W. H. Auden,** Professor of Poetry of Oxford University. They will screen, from the best books published each year, the ones they want on their own bookshelves. These will be offered for your selection through The Mid-Century Book Society. The books will never be offered because of faddish appeal, but solely because they meet an undeviating standard of excellence. The criteria will be pleasure and permanence. **"The Mid-Century",** *a new monthly literary magazine, will be published by the Society, with a circulation limited to its members. It will contain original essays, important new poetry, and discussions of Mid-Century selections, viewed with complete candor.* In addition to receiving "The Mid-Century" free each month, members will enjoy the following advantages: *1) Each new member will receive an outstanding gift book from the Society, which will be sent with the first selection. 2) Each member will receive a free dividend book for every four purchased. Dividends are always chosen from the same list as the regular selections. 3) Members' prices and dividends will save you more than 50% each year. 4) The accounts of members will receive individual attention from the Society.*

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Doldrums

Just look at the newspapers these days or, even better, look into yourself. There are the headlines, but how much do they matter to you? We know our own country best, of course, but we would not be surprised if the same feeling of letdown and anticlimax pervades the whole world. The earth is still on leave from doom, with the 27th of May well passed.

In our national capital not much happens, and the famous legislative steamroller, driven by the firm hand of Lyndon Johnson, seems to have slowed down to a crawl. According to the *Congressional Quarterly*, up to the middle of May Congress had approved about four per cent of the 201 legislative requests submitted by the administration—a much lower ratio than that reached at approximately the same stage of the two preceding sessions. The prospects are that there will be no education bill, no labor bill, and no housing bill. The redoubtable Senator Johnson finds himself—surely to his acute discomfort—quarreling on the floor of the Senate with the rebellious Proxmire.

If you listen to "informed observers" in Washington, they will tell you that all this comes from the absence of Presidential leadership. Maybe they have a point, but we are getting tired of hearing this explanation all the time for everything that goes wrong with the Executive and with the Legislative branches of our government. Moreover, how sure can we be that in let's say two years from now, the White House will be in stronger hands? Of President Eisenhower at least it can be said that he seems to reflect the detached, not overcommitted mood of the nation. According to the Gallup Polls his popularity is on the ascent.

Yes, there has been some fairly startling news in the papers lately. Two monkeys—and they are *our* monkeys—have traveled to outer space and come back to earth in fine shape. We can look forward to the time when the same will happen to human beings who will tell us what they saw and felt.

This seems to be the era of "So what?" Great organizations or governments that pretend to control the destiny of men are so overextended and routinized that the sense of their purpose becomes dimmed or lost for many, many human beings. All that is registered is a feeling of hollowness.

Perhaps there is, somewhere, a man struggling against the most unpropitious circumstances to write a book—a book intended not to suggest a new order of things but to give new evidence of how the privacy and the personality of the individual can once more firmly reassert themselves.

After all, nothing more important has happened to us of the West during the past year than our acquaintance with *Doctor Zhivago*.

Central Park, C'est Moi!

Thank heaven for Robert Moses. Lulled by so much bland but plausible mediocrity, we New Yorkers would surely forget that there *was* a city government if it weren't for the magnificent fights the park commissioner manages to pick with venerable pressure groups no other public figure would dare offend. First it was nature lovers (rising as one man to defend the sylvan wonders of Central Park's Ramble, which is apparently a bird watcher's paradise); then it was mothers (ready to throw themselves in front of bulldozers in order to stop Mr. Moses from bringing progress to another section of Central Park by turning a children's play area into a parking lot); and now this man whose contempt for fear is only matched by his contempt for public opinion has drawn upon himself the indignation of an even larger group—the admirers of William Shakespeare. The commissioner's refusal to let a man named Joseph Papp stage Shakespeare's plays free of charge in the Park during the summer has set the groundlings on a roar. (Only the *Mirror* has adopted an outright anti-

ET TU, BRUTE?

"Arteriosclerosis in Animals and Birds Is Up Tenfold—'Social Pressure' Cited."—New York Times

If the bellbird is bats and the gnu is gnurotic,
    If the crocodile's crocked in his pool,
If the buffalo's bushed and the pseal is psychotic
    And the potto's beginning to pule,

It's the faces, the faces, from morning till night,
    The faces outside of the cage,
It's the terrible faces forever in sight
    That accelerate animal age;

That wrinkle the wrhino and cripple the crow
    And tire the testy toucan,
For there's nothing that wears out an animal so
    As the bestial stare of a man.

—SEC

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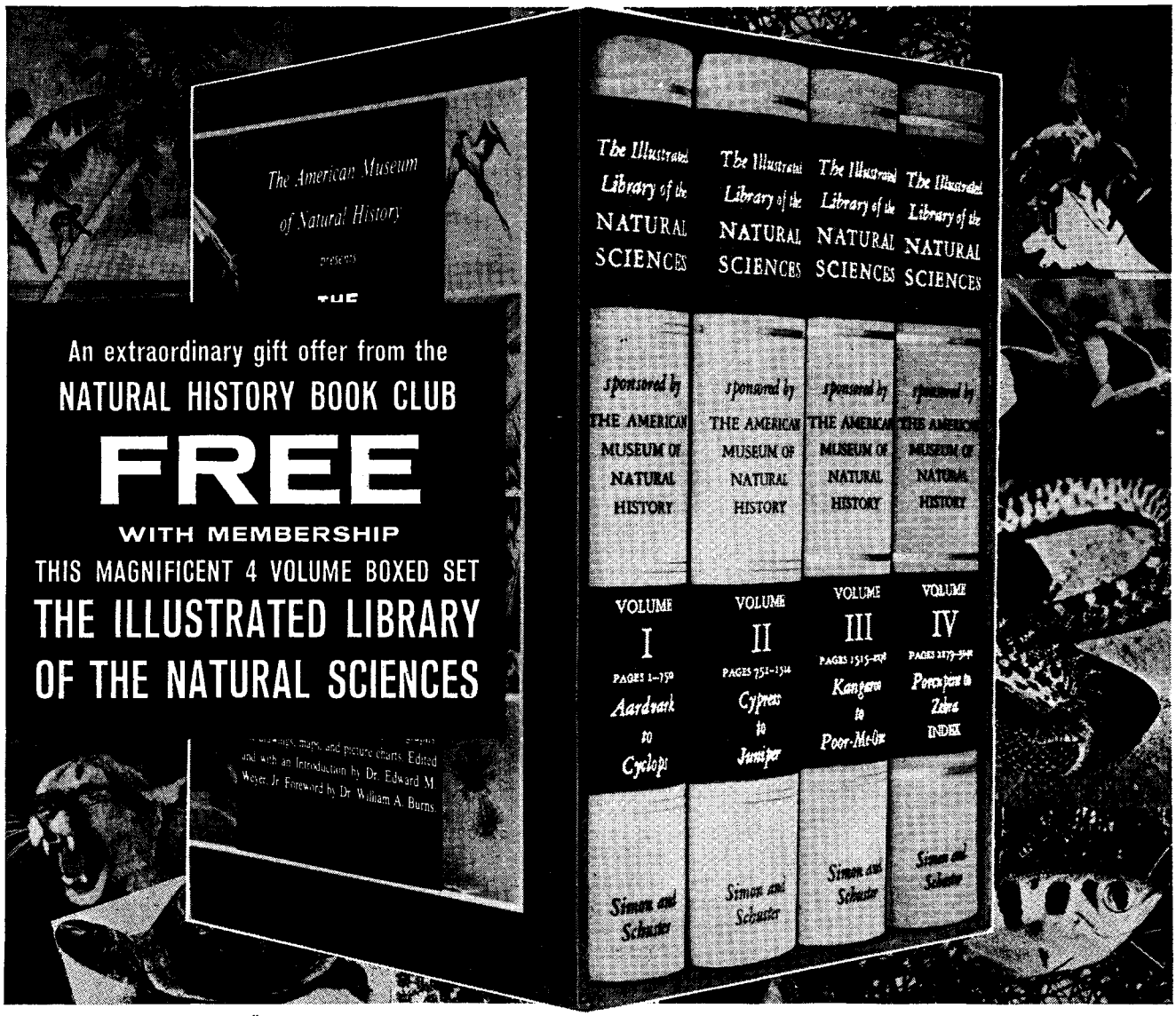

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Shakespeare line, on the sensible grounds that Mr. Papp never got past high school, that he once invoked the Fifth Amendment, and that his name used to be Papirofsky anyway.) The Bard's partisans have repeatedly petitioned Mr. Moses to let them meet all of his objections except one: they don't want to charge admission. But the commissioner has wrapped himself in his dignity and refuses to discuss the matter.

So that just about settles it. Mayor Wagner, demonstrating once more his clear-headed talent for cutting right through all irrelevancies to the heart of the matter, has indicated that he wishes the problem had never come up. Like the rest of us, the mayor must bend his knee to the divine right of Robert Moses.

These Things Were Said

¶ Exactly what damage is fallout doing to the human body? No one is quite sure. An exciting recent discovery at Oak Ridge indicates it may be causing only one fourth as much genetic harm as had been supposed.—*New York* Daily News.

¶ I do not find anything in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* that essentially I can't find in the *Ladies' Home Journal.—Malcolm Cowley, expert witness for the defense in the case of the U.S. Post Office v. Grove Press.*

¶ I think you are the Lionel Barrymore of the labor movement.—*Representative Carroll Kearns (R., Pennsylvania) to John L. Lewis.*

¶ I wanted to be completely covered. If I had tried to compete with the [French and German] nudes on their own grounds, it would have been bad taste. And besides those girls are not as healthy as I. They have been through a war and all that hardship.—*Jayne Mansfield in an interview with an Associated Press reporter in Las Vegas.*

¶ I can't make head or tail out of what's going on in Geneva or Washington or London, but the tragic and moving story of Gloria Vanderbilt's struggle to keep her children for herself and away from that ancient musician is something the average person can feel and understand. In a gloomy world, *The Post* still manages to be bright.—*Letter to the New York* Post.

ADVICE AND CONSENT

ERIC SEVAREID

Washington is inhabited by human beings with normal human traits; and therefore it wearies of impersonal themes and issues and finds relief in the spectacle of a personality as an issue. The spring spectacle has been a three-ring extravaganza, featuring Mrs. Clare Luce, Mr. Lewis Strauss, and the thirty-three-year-old Ogden Reid, whom the President has nominated as ambassador to Israel.

Young Mr. Reid, who became boss for a time of the New York *Herald Tribune* when his family owned it, appears to have done the homework necessary, in terms of witness-chair tactics. There has been a certain elevation of eyebrows over Senator Fulbright's insistence on going back to Mr. Reid's college report cards—many highly successful men were indifferent scholars—but Fulbright wants the record and the very young do not possess much record beyond their university accomplishments or lack thereof. If Mr. Reid cannot help his inexperience, neither can Mr. Fulbright; both must make do with the material at hand. And Fulbright has deliberately adopted a new policy on diplomatic appointments. In his mind, it is not up to the committee to prove that the witness is not qualified; it is up to the witness to prove that he *is*.

Fulbright has accumulated a considerable weariness with amateur diplomats acting in the name of the United States, and there is a second consideration involved in this particular case, beyond the nature of the personality; it is the nature of the country to which he would be accredited. Israel is a very special case. It is not only important in itself, as an extraordinary experiment in prefabricated nation making, as a political sovereignty built overnight on a religious and humanitarian base. It is also one of the causes of and factors in the extremely dangerous tension in the Near East.

And this happens to be a period when the United States ought to be trying to move into a new political and moral relationship with Israel if it wishes to anticipate events. We have not yet reached the stage of dealing with Israel in cool detachment, with our own long-range interests uppermost in our minds, any more than we have—to use a reverse example—with Red China. Toward both we still act out of emotional motivations, even though the emotions are so different. It is no longer a fruitful question to ask whether the establishment of Israel was one of history's greatest errors, as some western statesmen privately believe; but it remains a fruitful question whether the United States can any longer treat Israel as an appealing orphan we have adopted and toward which we have an endless moral obligation. Certainly there are Israelis who would like an end to this abnormal relationship, for their own dignity; indeed, *their* leaders have acted toward us with the coolest sovereign detachment, as when they struck against Egypt in 1956 without warning us. Wise Israelis know they cannot have it both ways; not many American men of affairs seem to realize this, save the most professional of our diplomats.

So the real question about Mr. Reid does not have too much to do with his record in private life; it does not even have too much to do with his success in this cram course on Israeli history and culture. It has much more to do with his grasp of United States policy and interests in that dangerous part of the world. It will not be his job to represent the interests of Israel to the United States, but the interests of the United States to Israel. It is a common failing of enthusiastic amateur diplomats to perform in reverse. That is not a mistake Israel's own diplomats abroad are guilty of making.

Mr. Reid might take as his model in this respect the Israeli ambassador here, Mr. Eban, who now returns to Israel. Mr. Eban has performed as Mr. Reid's mentor in terms of Israeli life and culture. When the protégé has to deal with Mr. Eban as Israeli foreign minister, which Eban is soon to be, it will be well if the student has learned some of the teacher's toughness and shrewdness; if not, some think, the match should be canceled in advance by the authorities charged with protecting the young and the frail, and by those charged with protecting American interests abroad.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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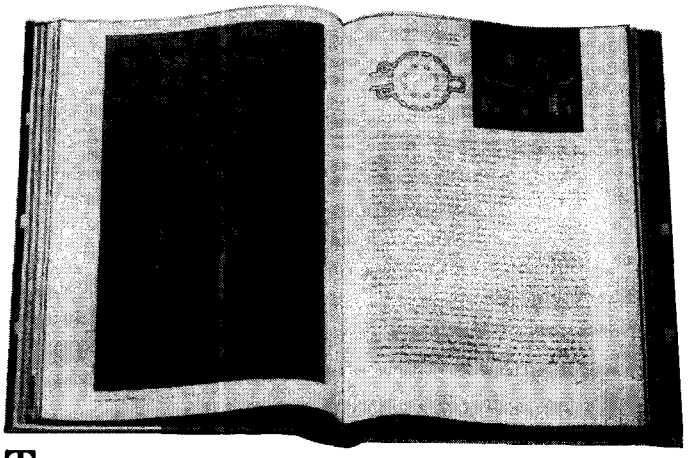

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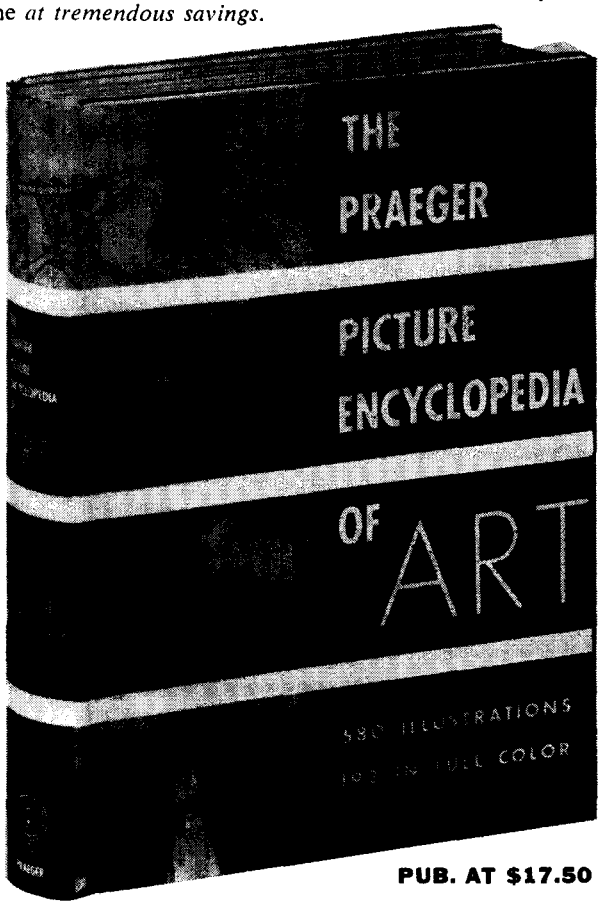

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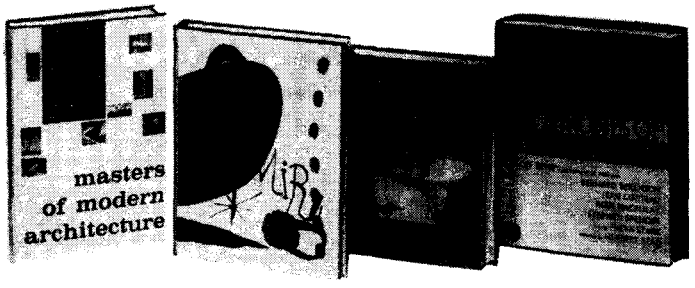

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CORRESPONDENCE

DEATH ON THE ROADS

To the Editors: I want to express my appreciation of Daniel P. Moynihan's fine piece of investigation and reporting ("Epidemic on the Highways," *The Reporter*, April 30). This is the most revealing study of the over-all problem of highway-safety that has come to my attention.

VANCE E. THOMAS, Director
Public Relations Department
Child Safety Council
Jackson, Michigan

To the Editors: While I respect Mr. Moynihan's right to express his opinions, I certainly resent very deeply his insinuations and implications that the automobile industry through the years has not been interested in building safer automobiles. I don't care to refute his many arguments—for that is what most of his points are—but I think it is a disservice indeed to the industry to indicate that we have relegated safety to a matter of "will it sell?" That is just not true.

R. H. ISBRANDT
Director of Automotive Engineering
American Motors Corporation
Detroit

To the Editors: I was very glad to see that you are going after the traffic safety problem. One question.

In the early part of the article Mr. Moynihan says that the involvement of alcohol is probably underestimated and that in one study forty-nine per cent of drivers killed were legally drunk. Then he drops this question like a hot potato and devotes the rest of the article to the design of cars.

Why didn't he go into the possibility of reducing accidents by reducing drinking drivers? Or isn't this considered to be a possibility?

E. J. NEWCOMER
Yakima, Washington

To the Editors: I suggest that one possible line of attack on the industry's apparent unwillingness to join the safety campaign would be for the automobile liability and collision-insurance companies to adjust their premiums according to the accident-inducing characteristics of the insured vehicle. The companies have already recognized in their premium charges the accident-inducing characteristics of the driver under twenty-five years of age.

THOMAS D. BOURDEAUX
Meridian, Mississippi

To the Editors: Mr. Moynihan's article gives the impression that the automobile manufacturers have never done anything for safety. This is not true. Anyone who has watched the development of cars over the past thirty years realizes how many changes have been made to make these vehicles more reliable as tools of transportation. It is true that some improvements are possible still and will continue to be made. But preventing accidents by changes in car design is always easier said than done. When the designers get right down to the drawing board and are faced with the multitude of compromises, the problems they have to solve are not easy. I am not altogether sure that dumping the automobile design problem into the lap of some Federal bureau would accomplish much more.

J. STANNARD BAKER
Director of Research
and Development
The Traffic Institute
Northwestern University
Evanston, Illinois

To the Editors: Many thanks for the excellent article by Daniel P. Moynihan. His facts, unfortunately, are all too true. Ford Motor Company the only crusader, until the box office ran out; General Motors doing nothing to help the safety movement (talk to GM men on the floor at the auto shows); the National Safety Council doing so much less than it might do. Let the insurance companies, the national medical bodies, and the news media get behind the Roberts bill. Federal legislation is the only hope.

HORACE E. CAMPBELL, M.D.
Vice Chairman
Committee on Medical Aspects
of Automobile Injuries and Deaths
American Medical Association
Chicago

To the Editors: Daniel P. Moynihan's is the finest article on traffic safety I have ever read.

H. A. KOCH
Safety Analyst
North American Aviation, Inc.
Downey, California

To the Editors: No one would disagree that traffic accidents and injuries can be minimized by certain vehicle safety features. This is not a new concept nor one of indifference to us. The inherent safety of automobiles has always been a major concern of the industry and has received intensified attention in recent years. Our interest and productive efforts are evidenced by the steady parade of new and improved safety designs and devices and have been publicly cited by leading impartial traffic safety authorities. . . .

Accidents, of course, do not just "happen"; every one has a cause and therefore we must continue to stress accident prevention as the principal means of injury prevention. Leading

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traffic safety authorities are agreed that this calls for emphasis on effective, sustained efforts to improve driver skills and attitudes.

If it is futile to seek better driving, how do we explain the striking safety progress in recent years of such cities as Detroit and Chicago, both of which have stressed driver education and enforcement? In 1958, Detroit had the lowest fatality total since 1922; Chicago the lowest since 1916. . . .

One of the author's most astounding assertions is that there may be as much as fifty per cent differential in the inherent safety of different makes. As the report on which this is predicated is apparently confidential, I am unable to appraise the validity of the research methods employed. However, on the basis of many years' experience in testing all makes of cars at the General Motors Proving Ground, I found such a conclusion incredible. Moreover, the Bureau of Public Roads, in its recent report to Congress, concluded that "make of vehicle is not an important factor to be reckoned with in highway safety."

Finally, and of special importance because the author cites it as "the clearest indication of the automobile industry's attitude," I want to correct the highly distorted account contained in this article regarding our position on the issue of seat belts.

General Motors has not "opposed them from the very beginning." . . . In fact, General Motors sampled customer reaction to seat belts as far back as 1951, when we showed the public an experimental car equipped with them. I make this statement with some feeling because this car was designed and built under my direction.

Neither the automobile industry nor the Society of Automotive Engineers is opposed in principle to seat-belt standards. The SAE objected in 1956 to the proposal of two independent groups for an American Standards Association seat belt standard on two counts: (1) the status of developmental work at that time made publication of a standard premature; (2) the subject was already (since 1954) under intensive and productive study by the SAE and there appeared to be no merit in initiating a duplicating project under ASA sponsorship.

This approach was subsequently concurred in by the ASA Highway Traffic Standards Board and the work went forward under SAE sponsorship, paralleling developments on other safety equipment for which official state specifications are widely based on SAE technical recommendations. . . .

C. A. CHAYNE, Vice President
Engineering Staff
General Motors Corporation

To the Editors: In view of your statement that one of the popular cars is directly responsible for fifty per cent more accidents than one of the other two makes, isn't someone or some group

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Marya Mannes states the purposes of a new television program, her own, which WNEW-TV is proud, and very happy, to bring to viewers in the Metropolitan New York area Sundays at 9 PM, starting June 7:

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I will not interview, expose, moderate, or tell anecdotes. I want merely to talk with men or women of intelligence, wisdom and wit who enjoy playing with ideas. Celebrities (as such) and pundits, I leave to others.

The subjects I plan to talk about touch on many areas of our life, as these titles suggest: THE DELIGHTS OF DEPRAVITY ▮ THE TEEN-AGE TYRANNY ▮ THE VIOLENT AMERICANS: THE GUN AS PLAYMATE ▮ THE WORLD OF SOAP; TV SERIALS ▮ WASTELAND: THE UGLY AMERICA ▮ THE DEATH OF MANNERS ▮ AFTER THE BOMB: THE SURVIVORS ▮ WHY WOMEN BORE MEN ▮ and so forth.

The format of the program will be very simple and very relaxed, although the talk will be disciplined. I plan at the beginning of each program to define the subject and my own approach to it, and at the end to make a short summary so that the listener will be left with a definite idea, whether he agrees with it or not.

Briefly, and finally, the purpose of this program is to stir thought and feeling, and to give expression to ideas which are not always presented—or honestly presented—to the public."

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(See page 47)

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guilty of withholding information from the public? And, at the same time, guilty, morally if not legally, of being accessory before the fact to murder?

HOWARD MOOREPARK
New York

To the Editors: I am certainly delighted with Mr. Moynihan's article and the tribute paid to the work of the Special Subcommittee on Traffic Safety.

KENNETH A. ROBERTS
House of Representatives
Washington

To the Editors: Who will have the courage to identify Make A and Make B? I hope *The Reporter* will disclose the information that may spell the difference between life and death, or disability and health for tens of thousands of drivers and passengers. We have the right to know.

PAUL A. LEMBCKE, M.D.
Professor, Preventive Medicine and Public Health
University of California,
Los Angeles

The research concerning Car "A" and Car "B" was carried out for the Commission on Accidental Trauma of the Armed Forces Epidemiological Board, which published the results in its 1957 annual report, but did not identify the manufacturers' names.—The Editors.

OUR FIRST DECADE

To the Editors: Having been raised in a conservative—almost reactionary—intellectual environment, where everything was looked on as being either black or white, my encounter with *The Reporter* was a refreshing if difficult experience. While I cannot give the magazine credit for the shift in my values, it certainly deserves the lion's share (which, in Phaedrus' fable, was all) of the credit for the more important change: for making me aware that truth occupies that wide spectrum of grays between the nonexistent black and white.

As you accept the many deserving accolades from the great and the famous, for whom you provided a magazine consonant with their values, do not forget those of us whom you have helped in shaping our values as we came to adulthood, and whose future achievements will rest on a foundation you have helped to build.

RICHARD E. ALBERT
Berkeley, California

To the Editors: Congratulations on the tenth anniversary of the founding of *The Reporter* magazine. Merely to survive in this uncertain world and in the even more uncertain arena of magazine publishing is indeed a major accomplishment.

But your magazine has done more. It has offered many provocative articles on subjects people should be provoked about, and by including meaningful background in its discussion of timely

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subjects has given readers a broad view of current events.

Happy birthday, and may there be many many more of them.

CLIFFORD P. CASE
United States Senate

To the Editors: Congratulations upon this tenth anniversary of *The Reporter*. Being a new subscriber, I cannot reflect upon all of those years. Nevertheless, in the short time that I have consistently read your magazine my understanding of and appreciation for the liberal interpretation of the facts in both international and national problems has definitely increased. I hope you will continue to reach out for the ideals of journalism set forth in the editorial of this April 30, 1959, issue.

May I also comment upon the quality of your cover illustrations. Long interested in the imaginative use of contemporary art, I greatly appreciate your creative work.

THOMAS W. TRAVIS
Chicago, Illinois

To the Editors: Congratulations to *The Reporter* on its tenth anniversary.

Certainly your signal is loud and clear and helps give a needed independent viewpoint on many of our current national and international problems. Max Ascoli and his associates can take credit for developing a magazine which has really promoted constructive thought and, we hope, deeds.

WILLIAM C. FOSTER, Vice President
Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp.
Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: It's impossible that a magazine so young can have reached the ripe old age of ten. On second thought, how can it be so young?

The Reporter appeals to the old like me because of its young point of view—but I find my old friends talking about it because of its sage and balanced judgment.

The Reporter has made its place in the New York scene—may it continue its great work.

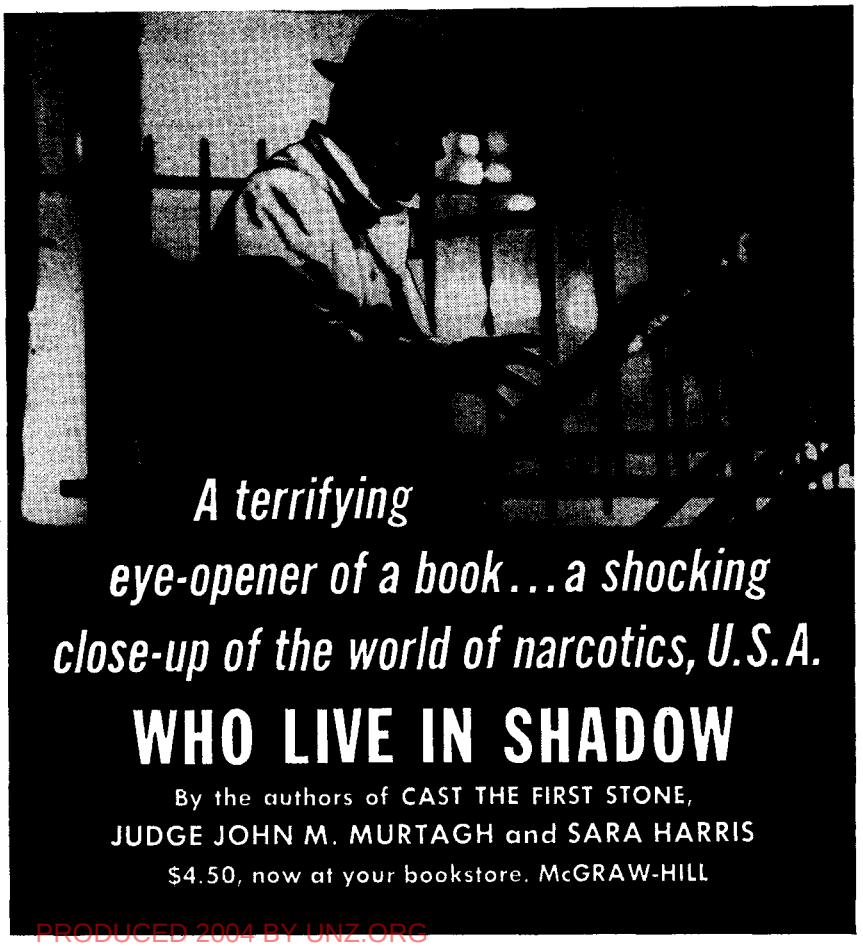
WALLACE K. HARRISON
New York

To the Editors: Your [invitation to comment on] the informative niche filled by *The Reporter* on its tenth anniversary clearly seems to be an extension of your publication's editorial policy.

By that I mean you are asking much the same questions of your readers concerning the publication's scope, penetration, portrayal of individuals, and events as your writers ask in assembling facts for an article.

This can only mean that during the next decade we, as readers, can expect more of the same reporting-in-depth-and-significance and you can expect more of us to be readers on a regular basis.

WARREN G. MAGNUSON
U.S. Senate Committee
on Interstate and Foreign Commerce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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

LATELY it has become fashionable among political writers to look up the word "diplomacy" in order to understand what is going on in Geneva. The *Shorter Oxford's* definition begins as follows: "The management of international relations by negotiation; the method by which these relations are adjusted and managed by ambassadors and envoys; the business or art of the diplomatists; skill or address in the conduct of international intercourse and negotiations." **Max Ascoli** has also gone to the dictionary, and his editorial concludes that in our meeting with the Russians, the standard definition of diplomacy scarcely applies. He also concludes that too many American writers on foreign affairs are addicted to the Cassandra habit.

ONE GETS the impression that in our American democracy, few things get done whereas many things merely happen. It is seldom that a problem is candidly faced up to, alternative solutions weighed, and the foreseeable consequences of any course of action estimated. More often, some kind of accommodation is improvised to quiet the agitation of the moment. With luck this might turn out to be a step in the right direction; though it is more common that since the basic issues have been dodged, they rise to plague us more determinedly than ever at some future date. **Daniel P. Moynihan** points out in his article, that as a result of the post-Sputnik panic the Federal government is now plumb in the middle of our educational system—and in precisely the way in which proponents of Federal aid always said it would *not* be.

Our readers will recall Mr. Moynihan's article "Epidemic on the Highways" in our April 30 issue. As a direct result of this article, Representative Kenneth A. Roberts (D., Alabama) has decided to hold further hearings of his subcommittee on auto safety. Mr. Moynihan, who was formerly acting secretary to Governor Harriman, is director of the New York State Research Project at the Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Affairs at Syracuse University and is also a member of the New York State Tenure Commission, a quasi-judicial body that hears appeals from teachers on questions of salary and tenure.

AS MANY OBSERVERS have noted, postwar German politics seems to be moving toward a kind of "American" two-party system. But with this difference: one of the parties seems doomed to a state of permanent and disruptive opposition. **George Bailey,** who writes frequently for us on German affairs, examines why the Social Democratic Party is in this predicament, and what the future is likely to hold for it. . . . There has always been a great deal of talk, much of it loose, about the dangers of German rearmament—meaning, of course, West German rearmament. What is so often overlooked is that the East German régime began arming itself at a much earlier date than the Federal Republic, and that it now has a military corps that is by no means of negligible proportions. **John Rich,** correspondent for NBC News, was able to visit East Germany recently, and he reports on the strength of the armed forces there as well as on their questionable loyalty.

S. F. Singer, professor of physics at the University of Maryland, is a leading expert on cosmic rays, meteorites, and the upper atmosphere generally. He has written widely on these and related matters for technical journals. . . . **James A. Maxwell** writes from the Middle West. . . . **Haldore Hanson** was, until recently, economic adviser to the government of Burma. He is now making his sixth tour of Southeast Asia.

David Ray, former editor of the *Chicago Review,* now teaches at Northern Illinois University. . . . **Flora Lewis,** wife of Sydney Gruson of the New York *Times,* is a distinguished journalist in her own right. She is the author of that admirable book on Poland today, *A Case History of Hope* (Doubleday, 1958). . . . **Nat Hentoff** is co-editor of *Jazz Review*. . . . **Richard E. Neustadt,** an associate professor of government at Columbia who served on the White House staff in President Truman's time, is writing a book on the American Presidency. . . . **John L. Hess** wrote "The Gentle Art of Tax Avoidance" in our April 16 issue. . . . **William Lee Miller** is on the faculty of the Yale University Divinity School. . . . **Kathryn Feuer's** essay on Tolstoy appeared in our May 14 issue. Though she lives in Berkeley, California, she is not, as we incorrectly said when last identifying her, a member of the faculty of the University of California. . . . **Joseph Kraft,** a free-lance writer, was formerly on the staffs of the New York *Times* and the Washington *Post*. He has covered the Algerian war on both the rebel and the French side.

The cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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Khrushchev's Big Blunder

Observers on the spot and commentators at large seem determined not to notice it, but things are going rather well at Geneva—for our side. Nothing much happens there, and very little is likely to happen, aside from the minimal measure of agreement required to pave the way to a summit meeting that everyone knows will take place anyway. All this is as it should be. We are not the ones who made the threat, set the date for an ultimatum, then changed our minds. It is the Communist leaders who talked about West Berlin being a cancerous spot that had to be removed, and it is they who must be embarrassed now at the prospect of becoming reconciled to the cancer at least for a while. Yet most of the reports from Geneva are either gloomy or frivolous, with the usual clichés about the Russians scoring propaganda victories, capitalizing on Allied dissensions, and the like. It is seldom pointed out that Khrushchev has chosen a disproportionately boisterous way to get an audience with President Eisenhower.

True, the heads of great governments can usefully spend some time together pondering a fact that has immensely diminished their capacity to mold history: nuclear means of warfare scarcely lend themselves to either military or diplomatic use. Khrushchev seems to be in particular need of having this lesson brought home to him by the major Allied leaders. The way he has chosen to get an education on power in our times is likely to prove singularly expensive in terms of his own and of his nation's prestige.

It is to be presumed that Khrushchev wanted a diplomatic, not a military, test of strength with the West. But in our days diplomacy, when used as a substitute for force, is paralyzed by the very nature of the force it endeavors to replace. Actually, diplomacy is not the proper word for the attrition between two irreconcilable power blocs, which can communicate only by holding —but not testing—positions of ever-increasing strength. Or else we should be careful to distinguish attrition-diplomacy from negotiation-diplomacy, which is the traditional method followed by nations with common standards and respect for supranational institutions.

Perhaps Khrushchev, by raising the issue of Berlin and of Germany, thought that the time had come to cash in on a superiority in missiles and similar weapons that, in the years ahead, may make Russia stronger than we. If this is so, he has proved to be a singularly imprudent man. For the two major powers still have, and are likely to maintain for quite some time, a capacity for reciprocal obliteration. The greater the destructiveness of the new weapons, the less their usefulness as a threat. Between powers that communicate with each other by attrition-diplomacy, aggressiveness never pays. When the means of warfare are of immeasurable and universal destructiveness, ultimata can serve no purpose.

If this is the way Khrushchev has deliberately chosen to secure a summit meeting, he has proved to be not only imprudent but foolish. At the summit there is very little that the leaders of the two power blocs can negotiate about. Together, they are bound to recognize —though not to confess—what each of them knows by himself: there can be no war between the two blocs, and there can be no peace. And yet the two systems must manage somehow to get along, each eagerly looking forward to the other's collapse, and each hoping to do its bit to bring it about.

Our NATO and Theirs

Khrushchev may believe that our government will once again act as it did after the 1955 summit meeting at Geneva. At that conference the major powers recognized that the best they could do was to keep away from the brink of war—at least on the European continent, where the power of both sides was nearly balanced. But then our government let the Communists free to find compensation for the European stalemate by stirring up troubles all over the world, stimulating nationalisms, and peddling weapons or steel plants.

Communist political and economic aggressiveness in the Middle East, in Asia, in Africa, did us some real harm; yet it must be added that the Communists have not yet succeeded in further enlarging their empire.

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They have not developed any pattern of action other than the stimulation of rabid nationalism in the countries where they most actively meddle, and unredeemable subjection of those they have taken over.

Scarcely one year after Geneva, however, both major powers were crudely reminded to what a very large extent their strength depends on the coalition or bloc that is centered around them. The Russians had to face the Hungarian revolt, we the strain on the Alliance over Suez. These two events offer the best possible evidence of the difference between our bloc and theirs. The Alliance was badly shaken but by no means torn apart and is once again a going concern, while the rift in the Communist bloc could be healed only by tanks. Khrushchev must be quite aware of the difference between the two systems, for he is indignant at the prospect that we might arm our allies with atomic weapons. How could he possibly envisage giving such weapons to the Hungarians or the Poles or the Czechs or, for that matter, to the Chinese?

There has been too much talk lately about the different attitudes among the major Allies toward this Khrushchev-made crisis. To be sure, there have been dissensions and misgivings among Allied leaders. The strangest and most repetitious complaints have been heard about the lack of a strong will on the part of the present Secretary of State, who has been accused of being unable to enforce uniformity of purpose and methods among the major governments of our coalition. Some people seem to forget that our nation is not the hub of an empire, and are somewhat reluctant to acknowledge the singular gifts of persuasiveness in dealing with the Allies, of firmness in dealing with the Russians, that Christian Herter is exhibiting in Geneva.

There is nothing alarming in an honest difference of opinion among allied governments, particularly considering that no NATO nation has broken away from the Alliance, or even tried to. There has never been a Tito revolt in the NATO ranks. The freedom that each nation enjoys makes possible and useful a certain distribution of roles among the NATO governments, a certain divergency in programs, very much the same way as different and sometimes conflicting political parties operate in a democracy. It has happened rather frequently during the last six years that the loyal opposition to our administration's foreign policy has come from governments of allied nations.

There is some resentment in our midst at this independence of judgment on the part of countries that, in terms of might or of wealth, are vastly our inferiors. Why, some people ask, have we to be so respectful of the stubbornness of de Gaulle or Adenauer, or of Macmillan's suppleness? Yet it should be clear that a coalition works well when, within limits imposed by the common good, the influence of a nation is somewhat at variance with its power, and when the member nations have rights that somehow compensate for inequality of might or of size or of riches. The proof that these rights are abused comes when an alliance breaks apart. So far, the only NATO nation that has exhibited evidence of acute dissatisfaction is Iceland.

The Seasonal Summit

It is within the Alliance that negotiation-diplomacy can do its most fruitful and steady work. The leadership that our country must give to the Alliance can never be that of a drill sergeant. Can Khrushchev, with his phony Communist NATO, the so-called Warsaw bloc, match us on this ground? Can he measure the strength of his own and that of the satellite nations in any terms other than the crude arithmetic of power? If Khrushchev had hopes of unhinging NATO, by now he knows better. The President and Secretary Herter will go to the summit accompanied and supported by men who head thoroughly free allied governments.

Side by side, the two types of diplomacy will be in full operation. Attrition-diplomacy will show itself with all its fanfare and, according to an already established ritual, will lead to the elaborate celebration of the deadlock. At the same time, negotiation-diplomacy will bring the Allies closer and closer, and Khrushchev's presence will be of considerable help.

There will be long discussions between the Allied and the Russian leaders on how to bring about changes in situations which cannot be changed and which, actually, nobody seriously wants to have changed, at least for the time being—like the division of Germany. There might also be some productive discussion about reduction of armaments, for the idea is slowly seeping down, both in the East and in the West, that the nature of modern weapons, even more than the conflict of ideologies, makes diplomatic relations between the two blocs at the same time precarious and farcical.

For our nation, the most important business at the summit and after the summit is to proceed with ever-increasing vigor to negotiate the growth of the Alliance. This does not mean the strengthening of ties with only the major NATO powers. In the process of endless negotiation to give some peace and security to this tired world, our diplomats must establish much closer bonds with nations that do not belong to the western community. In fact, our nation's function is not just to approve nationalism, which exists anyway and everywhere, but to assist new and old countries to outgrow nationalism and strengthen their independence by establishing supranational ties among themselves. Here is another ground where the Communists cannot compete with us.

SUMMIT MEETINGS, thanks largely to Khrushchev, will probably become a seasonal feature of international mores. Our side will be represented by leaders of increasingly large, diversified communities of free nations; the other side by some lonely men. It is strange that our side seems to be somehow reluctant to accept the idea of the summit. For in the confrontation between the two systems, the advantage lies with us.

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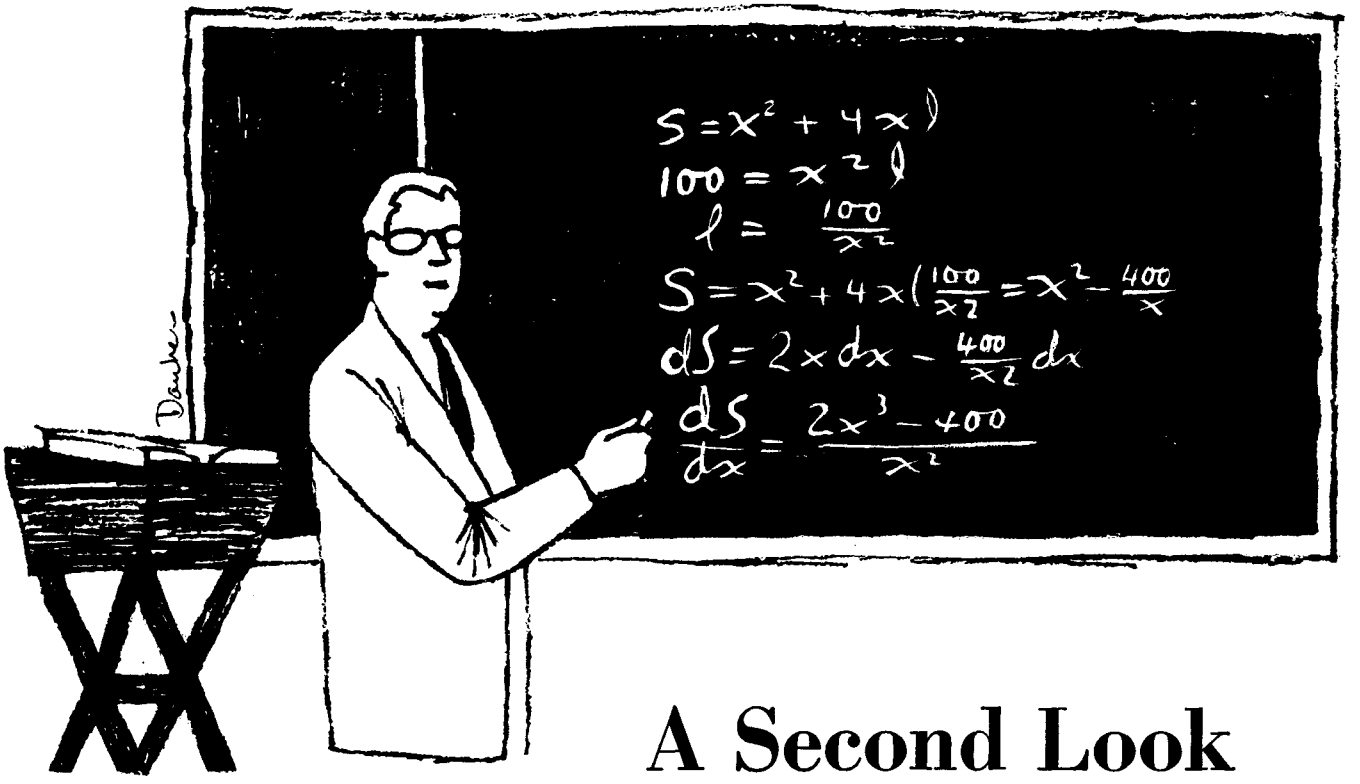

A Second Look

At the School Panic

DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN

LAST SEPTEMBER, after a quarter century of controversy, the debate over Federal aid to education came to a close. Congress passed and the President signed the National Defense Education Act of 1958, which declares as a matter of policy that "The national interest . . . requires that the Federal Government give assistance to education for programs which are important to our defense." Since the bill goes on to make clear that "important to our defense" means whatever Congress may wish it to mean, it is fair to assume that Congress will henceforth debate the questions of how much Federal aid to provide and perhaps what kind, but that it will no longer be divided by the basic question of whether to provide any aid at all.

The act, according to the U.S. Office of Education, "authorizes something over $1 billion in Federal aid. In the swinging sweep of its ten titles it touches—and returns to touch again—every level of education, public and private, from the elementary school through the graduate." The authors of the legislation and the officials who are administering it have no doubt that it is only a start and that it is the base on which a great edifice of Federal aid to education will rise. They point out that apart from the G.I. Bill only three important Federal education bills have become law in American history: the Northwest Ordinance of 1787, the Land-Grant Colleges Act of 1862, and the National Defense Education Act of 1958, and that they have come almost a century apart. The National Defense Education Act, they insist, has settled the principle and the form to which Federal aid in our time will adhere.

The 'Educated Man'

The history of the act shows very clearly that one of the main objects of its sponsors and supporters was to get an education bill passed for the precise purpose of settling the principle. But it is not clear whether in doing so they did not accept so many compromises and distortions that they ended up with an education bill essentially inimical to the ends of education. The "educated man" envisioned by the bill will be an engineer, spotted as talented early in life and carefully guided into his useful profession. He will have been taught by television, and may have picked up a bit of conversational Bengali. After graduate school he will owe the Federal government something like a year's pay. In order to borrow it, he will have taken a loyalty oath five times and signed five loyalty affidavits (one basic vaccination and four booster shots each). To pay the money back he will probably go to work in a defense plant.

Such a caricature may be unfair both to the men who fought to get the bill through Congress and to those who are now struggling to ad-

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minister it. But no one questions their good intentions—it is the consequences we must live with.

It Started with Sputnik

The problem goes back, as much of recent American history seems to go back, to October 4, 1957, when the Russians announced to the world that they had put a space satellite into orbit. The American people were staggered. The Eisenhower administration was in serious trouble—but not for long. Within weeks the nation was given to understand that the schoolteachers were to blame. America had fallen behind the Russians because John Dewey and his fuzzy-minded disciples had failed to teach our children enough science to enable them to build space rockets.

The exact chronology of this particular feat of mythmaking can be traced without much difficulty. On November 11, five weeks after Sputnik I, the U.S. Office of Education released a report on Russian education that created a sensation—or rather about which a sensation was created. It was surely one of the few publications of the Office of Education to be featured in a lead story of the New York *Times*. The report, completed a year and a half earlier, was a popularized version of a government-sponsored study of Soviet manpower. It stated the facts, well enough known to those who cared to inquire, that the Soviet Union was outstripping the United States in the production of certain types of technological manpower—eighty thousand engineers a year to our thirty thousand; that science and technical subjects were the primary concern of the Soviet school system; that the Soviet child gets a heavier program than his American counterpart; and that the gifted child in Russia is singled out and urged to excel.

Two days later President Eisenhower spoke to the nation on television in an effort to calm jittery nerves. The Russians, he said, were educating more scientists than we were. Our first task—ahead of all immediate tasks, including the production of missiles—was to produce more scientists. He called for nation-wide testing of high-school students, a system of incentives for high-aptitude students to pursue scientific or professional studies, a program to stimulate high-quality teaching of mathematics and science, provision of more laboratory facilities, and measures, including fellowships, to increase the output of qualified teachers.

The President popularized the notion: *Life* made it official. In an editorial fable entitled "Euphoria and the Scythians," it told how the happy Euphorians were shocked out of their preoccupation with life adjustment when the scowling Scythians, "a larger but traditionally dumber people," developed the latest "ultimate" weapon of destruction. While Euphorians lounged in "Pursuit of Happiness" schools, "the Scythian schools, not sophisticated enough to give courses in life adjustment, had long been developing a formidable system of study and practice in the newer scientific disciplines." Clearly, the situation "demanded that the healthy, lithe, mobile children, whose ancestors had learned Latin and Euclid by the age of 12, and adjusted later, should relearn some older and exacting habits of mental discipline." Optimism was in order, however. The new trivium of science, mathematics, and modern languages could save the new Athenians.

In the school panic that had swept the nation, no one stopped to ask if it was any more unusual for Marxists to emphasize physics in their school curricula than for Jesuits to favor theology. Still less did anyone inquire whether the finest school system would have produced an early space satellite for an administration that did not wish to spend the money to build one.

Who Was at Fault?

In November, 1957, Senator Lyndon Johnson's Preparedness subcommittee began its inquiry into satellite and missile programs. One after another, scientists came before the senators to tell how they had pleaded for money and men and priority—and had been turned down. Dr. J. A. Van Allen stated: "It would have been technically feasible for the United States to place satellites in orbit at least as early as October, 1956, using the Army's Jupiter-C." Dr. John Hagen, director of the Navy Vanguard project, which did succeed in March, 1958, told the senators flatly: "Had we in the beginning been given the priority and the things that go with priority, which are men, materials, funds, had we had those in the beginning, we would certainly have improved the dates that we presently have, and I think we certainly would have been ahead of the Russians." Dr. Edward Teller asserted that we had fallen behind the Russians in the development of the long-range missile for a special and a general reason. "The special reason is that we have not embarked on a really vigorous missile program . . ." The general reason was that "the Russians are willing to take greater gambles in their development program than we are."

In 2,476 pages of testimony not one word was said even to suggest that American scientists were inadequate to the task of putting a satellite into orbit. The problem was not too few scientists but too many Secretaries of Defense who believed "basic research is when you don't know what you're doing." (Wilson, it will be recalled, followed up with the observation that Sputnik was no more than a "neat scientific trick.") Perhaps we do need more engineers and technicians, but in the deepest meaning of the word, our failure was political, not technological. During the panic, however, no one compared the administration's statements about scientists with the scientists' statements about the administration.

The Teacher Takes the Rap

At this point, however, a truly alarming fact about American education *was* revealed. Almost to a man the educators, high and low, across the nation sat silent and passive while the vast machinery of the establishment set about manufacturing evidence that the schoolteachers were to blame for Sputnik. Indeed, the educators themselves began confessing their guilt—and asking funds wherewith to mend their ways.

Many of the teachers may really have believed they were guilty—after all, the editors of *Life* had said so. A kinder explanation would be that many educators saw through the administration stratagem but took their beating in the expectation that before it was over, they would be kicked into the trough of Federal

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aid. And this is precisely what happened.

The principal object of Federal aid to education, for whatever specific purpose, is that it will enable our vast, decentralized school system, which in many areas has been barely subsisting on local real-estate taxes, to tap a far deeper source of tax wealth—the giant national corporations. The opponents of Federal aid have variously appeared in the guise of pro-segregationists, anti-papists, and primitive Jeffersonians, but fundamentally they have represented the Chamber of Commerce. Year after year Federal-aid bills had passed the Senate, despite that body's traditional concern for states' rights, only to die in the relatively more business-oriented House of Representatives. Ten weeks before Sputnik, a $1.5-billion school-construction-aid bill supported by the administration and approved in the Senate was beaten in the House by a heartbreaking five votes when the President ignored Health, Education, and Welfare Secretary Marion B. Folsom's plea to get on the phone with some of the Republican waverers. To have come so close only to be defeated once more made many educators doubt that there would ever be Federal aid to education.

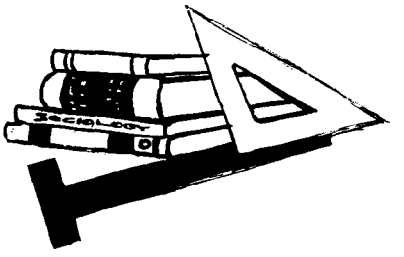
The President's speech in October, 1957, offered a tempting alternative: instead of school aid in the name of education, it could be had in the name of national defense. Very little mention was made of the fact that this meant forgetting about Federal aid in the least "sensitive" area of education—school construction—and making certain that the Federal government would be getting into questions of curricula and teacher training. This was no moment for second thoughts.

The "conservatives" wanted a limited education bill just at a time the "liberals" had given up hope for a really big one. Moreover, a passing glance at the want ads in any metropolitan newspaper provided ample evidence that industry would look with favor on a program designed to step up production of engineers and technicians.

In an instant, education was all the rage. Throughout the nation, teachers were proclaimed "our first line of defense." Boards of Regents asked millions for science and mathematics programs "as a means of preserving our way of life." The enthusiasm for education all but equaled the craze for hula hoops.

Millions for Defense . . .

In January, 1958, Lister Hill's Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare began a seven-week hearing on the subject of Science and Education for National Defense. Dr. Teller told the senators that scientific leadership "is now slipping from



our hands and is passing into the hands of the Russians." A long series of educators and scientists told them why. To the extent that education was at fault (rather than a shortage of funds for research), it boiled down to the fact that the exact and exacting subjects were being driven from the school curriculum by teachers who hoped learning could be fun and parents who insisted that it be. Senator Barry Goldwater alone was not having any. He complained that the University of Colorado was already teaching his son damn fool subjects having to do with "rocks, and things like that." He added, "I do not see how a person can come out of there being prepared to be a merchant, which he hopes to be," and he concluded, "I think that some of our greatest thinkers have been philosophers." His colleagues were not impressed.

In January the President sent Congress a five-point program to implement the points he had made in his October, 1957 speech. His program provided a billion dollars over four years to improve the teaching of mathematics, science, and languages; to encourage more able students to study them; and to assist the needy ones through scholarships and fellowships. Aid to school construction, which to many has always seemed not only the most urgent need but the most suitable area for Federal action, was dropped completely. The President's program fitted in well with the bills being drawn by the Congressional committees. The Congressional leaders wanted a larger scholarship program and added student loans and expanded vocational education.

The resulting legislation—the Hill-Elliott bill—was something of a grab bag. Most educational special-interest groups got at least a little of what they wanted: a few million for visual aids, a moderate-sized modern-language program, a reasonably expanded vocational-training program, etc.

A good deal of powerful support lined up behind the Hill-Elliott bill, as it was then known. In June it was heartily endorsed by the annual conference of the National Education Association, which represents 600,000 of the nation's schoolteachers and is indisputably the largest and most powerful education lobby. Although the first choice of the NEA had been the larger and more general Murray-Metcalf bill, it gave almost unanimous support to a motion endorsing the Hill-Elliott bill.

. . . but Not 1¢ for Scholarships

The most striking provision of the final bill, the provision for twenty-three thousand Federal scholarships of $1,000 each, was deleted at the last minute. The President changed his position as the critical hour approached. In the ensuing fracas between those who wanted more scholarships and those who wanted fewer, those who didn't want any won out. Nonetheless, as Congress adjourned, the bill itself passed handily, 66 to 15 in the Senate, 212 to 85 in the House. Here are the major provisions of the law:

¶ Federal funds for student loans are authorized in amounts beginning in 1959 at $47.5 million and rising to $90 million in 1962. The loans will be made by institutions with funds provided directly by the U.S. Commissioner of Education. The loans will cost three per cent annually after graduation and can amount to $1,000 per year to a total of $5,000. "Special consideration" will be given to students with superior capacity for or preparation in science, mathematics, engineering, or a modern foreign language as well as those planning to become public-school

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teachers. The latter can have up to fifty per cent of their loans forgiven if they finally do enter teaching.

¶ $246 million is allocated for new equipment in public-school science, mathematics, and language courses, to be matched fifty-fifty by the states.

¶ $29 million is provided for foreign-language institutes to improve the skills of language teachers in public schools, and to establish institutes for advanced training in modern foreign languages.

¶ One thousand fellowships in 1959 and 1,500 in each of the next three years will be awarded in new or expanded graduate programs approved by the U.S. Commissioner of Education. Each fellowship provides a minimum of $2,000 annually for

three years for the student and up to $2,500 per year for the institution he attends.

¶ Almost $90 million is allocated, on a basis of state contributions, for the establishment and maintenance of guidance and counseling programs and the establishment of guidance and training institutes.

¶ $18 million is provided for "research and experimentation in more effective utilization of television, radio, motion pictures, and related media for educational purposes"—i.e., visual aids.

¶ $60 million is authorized, on a matching basis with the states, for the establishment of Area Vocational Education Programs to train technicians for science and industry in programs that could not be supported in one locality alone.

¶ Finally, to keep track of progress, the last title provides for the improvement of statistical services to remove what the President's Committee on Education Beyond the High School called the "astounding lack of accurate, consistent, and up-to-date facts" about American education.

'Loyalty' and Bent Twigs

There is little doubt, at least in the minds of those responsible for getting the bill through, that this program will continue to grow and in time will have a profound effect on American education. Moreover, the twig has been bent and presumably the growth will continue in the same direction. The question is where that direction leads.

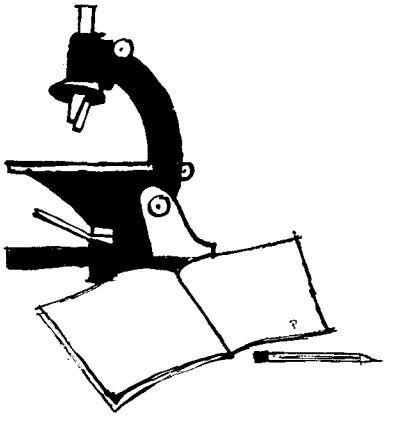
It seems entirely possible that we are going to end up with a system of Federal control that will make a martyr of William Jenner. (Who, incidentally, obtained consent of the Senate to exclude the State of Indiana from all benefits of the bill. Cooler Hoosier heads—up for re-election—prevailed in the House, and Indiana slipped back in.)

The immediate danger of political control is nowhere better illustrated than in the loyalty oaths that are required of students receiving loans under the act. As many as a million loans will be made in the next four years from the $295 million provided for the purpose. In order to get one, each student must first sign an oath attesting his loyalty to the United States and to the Constitution, plus an affidavit swearing that "he does not *believe* in, and is not a member of and does not support any organization that *believes* in or teaches, the overthrow of the United States Government by force or violence or by any illegal or unconstitutional methods." The italics are mine. This may be the first time that belief, rather than overt action, has become a criterion of loyalty. Out of sheer humanity the Office of Education officials have taken it on themselves to add to the loyalty affidavit the phrase "the statements made by me herein are true to the best of my knowledge and belief." Moreover, there is absolutely no legislative indication as to which organizations the framers of the law had in mind. At least the Office of Education doesn't know of any. Asked if, for instance, the Communist Party is included, the answer came back, "How should we know?"

Oaths and affidavits are nothing new in the field of education. The recipients of National Science Foundation Fellowships must sign loyalty oaths. Winners of Fulbright Fellowships get security checks, although they are not told about it. But in those cases, the question of loyalty comes up only after a candidate has been chosen. There has always been a frankly recognized *quid pro quo*—cash in return for loyalty. Not so under the National Defense Education Act. The oath and the affidavit must accompany the mere *application* for a loan. In the years to come, as much as half the American population may have taken at least one loyalty oath before reaching the age of twenty-one.

La Loyauté des Clercs

The story behind the loyalty-oaths provision is a good illustration of the dangers of panic-inspired Federal aid to education. Nobody wanted loyalty oaths in the act. Nobody expected there would be any. Neither the administration bill nor the bills drafted by the House and Senate Education Committees contained any mention of loyalty oaths. The idea for them, those closest to the event told me, arose in the mind of Roy E. James, Minority (Republican) Clerk of the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare. There has been some pointed speculation about James's motives. Senator H. Alexander Smith of New Jersey, the ranking Republican on the committee, was retiring and Senator Goldwater was next in line. As a former aide to Senator Arthur V. Watkins of Utah when that gentleman took on Joe McCarthy, James was apparently apprehensive about Goldwater's opinion of him. I discovered a general conviction in Washington that James thought up the loyalty



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oaths for the exclusive purpose of impressing Senator Goldwater with his own regularity—or, perhaps, adaptability.

At all events, one of the Republicans proposed the amendment in an executive session of a Labor and Public Welfare subcommittee late in the summer. There had been no notice that this would be done, and the Democrats were taken by surprise. Senator Hill and his colleagues who might have been expected to oppose the oaths were preoccupied with getting the bill through. Rather than cause a jam-up in committee, they let the oaths provision be included, apparently confident that it could be knocked out at any of the many stages yet to come.

And so it went, from subcommittee to full committee to the Senate floor (where Senator Karl E. Mundt amended it to apply to loans as well as scholarships and so got tagged as the author of the provision). Still the oaths remained. Finally the bill arrived at the Senate-House conference committee. The Senate conferees may have assumed that they would see the last of the measure there, since it was not in the House bill and could easily be dropped on that account. But the House conferees had no wish to be known as the ones who knocked it out either. And so it became the law of the land. (Senator Goldwater, incidentally, turned out not to be at all fond of loyalty oaths, and Roy E. James has left the committee for a job in International Cooperation Administration).

The American Association of University Professors discovered the provision on the first of November—too late, of course—and began raising hell. So far nine colleges—Princeton, Amherst, Bryn Mawr, Swarthmore, Haverford, Reed, Mills, Antioch, and Goucher—have announced that they will have nothing to do with the loans. Senator Kennedy, showing some of the courage he has written about, has joined Senator Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania in introducing legislation to eliminate the oath and the affidavit, which he calls "distasteful, humiliating, and unworkable" and "subversive of the purpose of the Act." There does, then, seem to be some prospect that the affidavit may be eliminated. But the fact remains that we are looking to Congress to do something in public which is now difficult to do, and which it was not willing to do in private when it was easy.

Colleges or Vocational Schools?

Our new nationalized school program may turn out to be a vocationalized program as well—as indeed it is in the Soviet system, which provided the inspiration for so much of the National Defense Education Act. The American school curriculum may swing all the way from life training to job training without ever having known education. The whole orientation of the present act is toward the jobs that high-school and college students will get upon graduation. Every provision of the act is slanted to favor students who will become teachers, scientists, or technicians.

Clearly an act in aid of the national defense will prefer the power subjects to the contemplative ones, but the objection would be the same if the law were designed to produce playwrights: education directed toward employment may easily decline into mere training. The emphasis in the act on visual aids and television is a source of concern to many educators. Until now visual aids have been a characteristic of training rather than education programs. Some highly gifted individuals and firms are operating in the field, but most of their colleagues have yet to establish their academic credentials.

But perhaps the most serious result is that the act puts the Federal government in the business of directing both graduate and undergraduate education. Our educational bureaucrats, in the absence of legislation that would put them to work happily establishing grade-school construction criteria and standardizing high-school textbooks, have instead been given an assignment to establish an entirely new system of graduate education in the United States. Of the money authorized for the coming fiscal year under the law, more than half will go to higher education—and every penny will go on specific conditions for specific purposes and will be specifically accounted for.

Title IV of the bill, for example, which establishes the National Defense Fellowships, is specifically designed to break up the historic hegemony of the Eastern universities by establishing a string of new graduate schools throughout the South and West. Fellowships will be awarded *only* to new institutions or to new programs in established institutions. With each fellowship, the institution gets up to $2,500 to pay for the cost of instruction. In the first allocation, for example, the George Peabody Teachers College of Nashville will receive the same number of fellowships as all educational institutions in New York State combined. Of course, the South and West want Fletcher Schools and Littauer Centers of their own. This is commendable, but can such schools be legislated into existence? One may also ask whether such legislation can be effectively administered by the United States Office of Education.

THE OFFICE was set up in 1867 to collect and disseminate statistics about and promote the cause of American education. The Commissioner and his aides are political appointees, and the office has the reputation for housing a fair number of former educational administrators who got kicked upstairs.

For nearly a century this obscure agency had been collecting statistics when suddenly Congress gave it a billion-dollar four-year program to operate. The Office of Education has never operated a program of any kind, much less one with the extraordinary problems involved in the establishment of a graduate school, for example. The Commissioner of Education, Lawrence G. Derthick, formerly superintendent of schools in Chattanooga, is an able and respected man. He and his bureau chiefs are working extremely hard to get the program under way, and are clearly conscious of the new depths in which they are operating.

The danger is not that these men will control education. Control—and the responsibility that goes with it—is the last thing they would want. But the danger is that the wrong kind of control is implicit in the legislation they are given. Officials in the Office eagerly point to the ways in which they have given maximum discretion to the colleges and universities carrying out the program. But

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since the colleges and universities have been given specific jobs to do—train mathematics teachers, produce astrophysicists—it is clear that the priorities of education are being decided in Congressional committees and Washington bureaus, on the all too familiar basis of the exigencies of the moment.

Is This Crash Necessary?

The Federal government has actually been involved for some time in every level of education, from kindergarten to graduate school. But because of the Fourth of July tradition that holds such Federal interference to be a bad thing, Federal funds have not been injected into education—they have been insinuated. Something like $1 billion of Federal funds is being spent each year on education, but most of it in programs that have been passed behind the backs, as it were, not only of the public but in some cases even of Congress. Staff men on Capitol Hill will swear the National Defense Education Act got through the House only because the conservatives believed there was nothing left once the scholarships were knocked out. This is surely no way to conduct the nation's business. If the Federal government is going to create a new system of graduate schools, let it be understood that this is being done. If we are to extract loyalty oaths from schoolchildren, let it at least be because Congress thinks they are necessary, not because some clerk may be worried about his job. Finally, we must rid ourselves of the illusion that we can solve any political problems by tinkering with our educational machinery.

Because we have lacked guiding principles in the field of education, we have been easily stampeded, first in one direction and then in another. Our crash program in science and mathematics was barely under way when Dr. James B. Conant reported that after a nation-wide survey he had found nothing particularly wrong with the way science and mathematics are being taught in the average American high school. If he had any criticism, it was that *too many* of our good students are concentrating in those areas, to the detriment of some of the liberal arts. The unkindest cut, naturally, came from Nikita Khrushchev. Hardly a fortnight after the President had signed the new law designed to enable our education system to catch up with Russia's, Khrushchev announced that he intended to scrap our ideal. Russian kids, it seems, were learning too much science and mathematics. After high school, they weren't fit for anything but college. Henceforth, he wanted everybody to go to work in the factories at fifteen. Everybody, that is, except

a favored few of the especially deserving. This sounds more like the Soviet Union we have come to know, but where does it leave us? Are we doomed like the kulaks of old endlessly to ape fashions long passé in St. Petersburg? We shall certainly be forever following some fad unless we work out an educational policy conceived in terms of our total national needs over the long run.

The Few and the Many

Such a policy must, for example, recognize that there is a kind of Gresham's Law under which public money drives out private money in research and education. President John D. Millett of Miami University in Ohio has observed that this has already happened in agricultural research and is happening in many fields of the physical and biological sciences. The Federal government must therefore be prepared for the possibility of having to assume full responsibility in any area it enters. Further, it should be understood by all concerned that, given the way Americans run their governments, Federal aid will mean Federal control to at least some degree. There is nothing necessarily wrong with this if it is clearly understood, and especially if the right people are given administrative control. The danger is that we will go on pretending Federal control does not exist and that consequently control will be hidden, will be exercised by people who are inadequate to the responsibility, and will not be subjected to the public scrutiny and review that are essential to democratic government.

There is perhaps an equal danger that Federal aid will become the province of enthusiasts, and that special interests, failing to get their way in local school systems, will turn to the Federal government. This, too, is a familiar pattern in American society. Special interests often find it easier to operate on a national than on a local level. Thus we still seem unable to get a school-construction bill passed, while millions have been appropriated for special programs such as the development of visual aids. And our first big program of Federal aid is directed almost exclusively to the education of scientists, engineers, and technicians. The need for such a program may have seemed overwhelming during the school panic after Sputnik, but sooner or later we must recognize its limitations—and the potential dangers of the precedent it has established.

As Dr. Conant's report has pointed out, the percentage of young people preparing for professions, as that term has been understood—"doctors, lawyers, engineers, scientists, scholars, and teachers of academic subjects"—is about the same here as it is in Europe: some six per cent of the age group. Clearly we must see that these students receive the very best we can provide. But calculus and thermodynamics for everyone is no more a viable education policy in the twentieth century than Latin and Euclid for everyone was in the seventeenth. And it certainly does not constitute an adequate national education policy.

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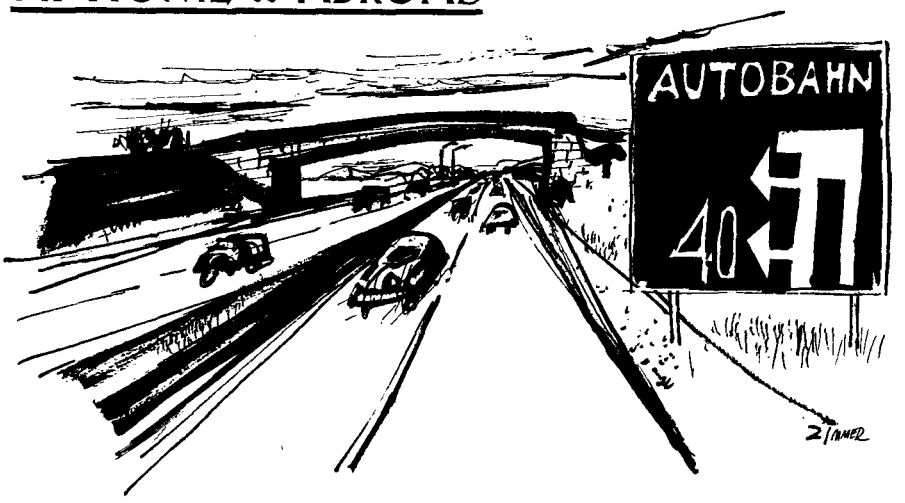

TWO GERMANIES

1. The Permanent Opposition

GEORGE BAILEY

BONN

"IN GERMANY, impassioned hearts are strangely divorced from logical heads. And so the honest Teuton is never slow to assume the existence of anything whose existence appears to be desirable." Whatever its worth as a generalization, Stendhal's remark of 1823 accurately diagnoses the chronic ailment of West Germany's second largest political organization, the Social Democratic Party (S.P.D.).

When Khrushchev precipitated the Berlin crisis last November, the S.P.D. was quick to assume the existence of a unique opportunity to realize its primary political aim of German reunification. To exploit this assumed opportunity, the party adopted a policy of "massive conciliation" vis-à-vis the Russians, and formulated a plan whose concessions were so fundamental and sweeping that it drew immediate and heavy fire from all sides. "The S.P.D. plan," commented one Bonn observer, "is obviously based on the expectation that the Communists will loosen their hold on East Germany while opening their hands to receive West Germany."

More important, some of the most strident voices raised in condemnation of the plan came from the S.P.D. itself. Indeed, the plan quickly became an issue that threatened to split the party wide open. In addition, it threatened to condemn the party—split or whole—to an indefinite prolongation of the long, bitter period out of national office that has been its fate.

AT NO TIME in its postwar history has the S.P.D. managed to receive more than thirty-five per cent of the popular vote. In 1949 the party's postwar leader, the late Kurt Schumacher, formulated the dictum of absolute power or absolute opposition. In the decade since then, the S.P.D. has had to content itself with near-absolute opposition. This is true, however, only at the national level. Locally, at state, county, and city levels, the party has a good record and has booked an imposing series of electoral victories. The S.P.D.'s big vote-getters are all, with perhaps the single exception of Professor Carlo Schmid, local politicians —Willy Brandt of Berlin, Waldemar von Knöringen of Bavaria, Brauer of Hamburg, Zinn of Hesse among a good many others. It is precisely at the federal level, in terms of both policies and personalities, that the party is weakest, This is not coincidence. The three main functions of a national government fall in the areas of foreign affairs, economics, and defense. The absence of well-conceived and cogently propounded S.P.D. policies in all three areas is—and has always been—glaringly evident. The causes of these failings are bound up with the nature of the S.P.D. as a political movement.

The S.P.D. has never managed to rid itself entirely of its Marxist ideological ballast. In the long catalogue of principles bequeathed to the party by nineteenth-century socialism, perhaps the most crippling is the idea of the programmatic panacea, the conviction that a program is better than a policy. The party has spent years in obsessed pursuit of a simple yet comprehensive formula that would provide an effective answer to *all problems.* Indeed, its leadership and about half of its rank and file labor under the delusion that the party actually possesses one.

S.P.D. speakers constantly refer questioners to some vague socialist pronunciamento drawn up in the dim past. Herbert Wehner, a former Communist (he was once Ernst Thälmann's secretary), now vice-chairman and *enfant terrible* of the party, not long ago declared his allegiance to the basic concept of the workers' movement as set forth by Karl Marx in his inaugural address to the International Workingmen's Association in London in 1864.

The S.P.D. has untiringly sought *the* key popular issue the exploitation of which would sweep the Adenauer administration out of office on one great wave of aroused public opinion. This was the strategic concept behind the crusade against rearmament, the agitation against the European Defense Community, the sustained protest against the Paris Agreements, and, most recently, the all-out campaign against "atomic death." In the last case the crescendo came last year when party leader Erich Ollenhauer demanded in parliament that "in the life-and-death interest of the German people," the government be dissolved. There was talk of political strikes. The entire population was exhorted to rise as one in rejection of atomic armament. Nothing happened.

The S.P.D.'s idolatry of the almighty program is practiced at the

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expense of any realistic evaluation of the individual personality in politics. "All you have to do to foresee the outcome of the next general elections," a member of parliament advised me, "is to try to imagine Erich Ollenhauer as chancellor of West Germany." There is not one individual in the top leadership of the party with the popular appeal necessary to swing a national election. After the party's defeat in 1957, the S.P.D. speaker was asked if the party would not try to provide such a personality for the next elections. The answer was typically programmatic: "We don't want a leader who will govern; we want a government that will lead."

A National Figure at Last?

In recent months, however, a political personality of the stuff that *does* make chancellors has virtually been thrust upon the party. The Berlin crisis catapulted Willy Brandt into national and international prominence almost overnight. A local S.P.D. organization, that of Lower Saxony, is even using the party's association with Brandt as a propaganda plug for its own candidate, one Kopf, who is pictured on a placard shaking hands with the Lord Mayor of West Berlin. A placard picturing Kopf with Ollenhauer would be unthinkable. Indeed, Adenauer's Christian Democratic Union often pictures Ollenhauer with local S.P.D. candidates in its counterpropaganda in order to frighten potential voters away from the S.P.D.

An internecine war over the corpse of Karl Marx has threatened to split the S.P.D. for decades. In postwar years the split has been avoided only by virtue of the party's determination to avoid it at all costs. The two opposing factions, the Marxist Old Guard led by Herbert Wehner and the reformist New Guard, under Brandt and Fritz Erler, have been yoked together. In their efforts to "open up the party to the Right," the reformers have been obliged to attack the party's rigid administrative system. This system has created a legion of gray eminences, full-time salaried functionaries who hold no public office and whose livelihood depends on their maintaining the *status quo*. Isolated from reality by their own party machine and resistant to any form of organizational change, the functionaries are, in effect, archconservatives in the service of a radical cause. The same system automatically elevated the grayest eminence of them all, Erich Ollenhauer, to the chairmanship of the party on the death of Kurt Schumacher in 1952.

Ollenhauer has done more than anyone else to reconcile the warring factions. In so doing he has paralyzed the initiative of both and rendered meaningless the resolutions of the party as a whole.

They Have a Little Plan

The single leitmotiv that runs through the S.P.D.'s opposition to the Adenauer administration is the reunification problem. Immediately after the war Kurt Schumacher, mindful that the collapse of the S.P.D. in the early 1930's was caused primarily by the party's inability to compete for the nationalist vote, effectively wedded the party to the cause of nationalism. Since Schumacher's death, the S.P.D. has honored the form of his legacy but has consistently violated its spirit. In attempting to espouse the cause of the German people as a whole, the party has refused to face up squarely to the fact of a divided Germany. It has forgotten Schumacher's specific admonition: "An all-German government," he said during the Second Party Congress in 1947, "is nonsense if it is only an expression of the power relationship of the victorious nations among themselves." With this and a spate of similar quotations, Michael Freund, one of West Germany's most astute political commentators, recently pointed out the complete incompatibility with Schumacher's principles of the party leadership's latest measures. The day after his attack appeared in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, Freund called on the local S.P.D. headquarters and turned in his party membership card.

The S.P.D. has been nothing if not consistent—if consistently wrong in terms of electoral effectiveness—in its adherence to the principle of reunification. The party has rejected all attempts to integrate West Germany with Western Europe in the conviction that the chances of reunification would diminish accordingly. The same reasoning underlies the party's policy—or lack of one—on rearmament. On the eve of the 1957 general elections, it slapped together a defense policy rejecting conscription and calling for a voluntary professional army. The proposal for a professional army could only appear hypocritical coming from a party that had never ceased to attack the military per se.

Many S.P.D. members themselves admit that reunification has become an obsession with the party. Its efforts to "buy" reunification from the Soviets have assumed the form of a grotesque auction in which a compulsive buyer tries to bargain with an owner who is determined not to sell. The result has been an inflationary spiral of offers, which recently culminated in the publication of the S.P.D.'s "Germany Plan." The party's recipe for reunification in three easy stages was presented in abridged form to the public the day after Carlo Schmid and Fritz Erler, fresh from Moscow, had held a press conference and admitted that Khrushchev was simply not interested in reunification. It was obvious that the party's right hand did not know what its left hand had been doing.

THE FIRST PHASE of the plan begins with the creation of an all-German conference, to which delegates will be sent from both Germanies on the basis of parity. The function of the conference is to "agree on regulations concerning internal German affairs."

In the next phase, an all-German parliamentary council is to be elected (also on the basis of parity). The

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parliamentary council will be responsible for legislation to regulate transport and communications, to promote economic production, and "to hinder the misuse of economic power." Either of the two governments can contest, within a certain period, any of the laws passed by the council. The council can overrule the objection by a two-thirds majority vote. And here is the rub: since the S.P.D. controls about thirty-five per cent of the West German electoral vote, some thirty-five of, say, one hundred West German delegates would be S.P.D. men. Only thirty-three votes would be necessary, if added to a solid hundred East German votes, to form a two-thirds majority.

In the third stage, the parliamentary council is to concern itself with legislation concerning taxation, finance, a customs and monetary union and "socio-political accommodation." It is also authorized to pass, by a two-thirds majority, legislation for the election of a constitutional national assembly. Only after the constitution has gone into effect will general, free, secret elections for an all-German Parliament be held.

Calling Herr Wehner to Order

Public reaction to the plan was one of indignation and dismay. The part that has borne the brunt of public and official condemnation proposes the establishment of a National Council made up of delegates from East and West Germany on the basis of parity despite the fact that the West German population is three times as large as that of East Germany. When confronted with this objection, the official S.P.D. spokesman simply stated: "If one wants an all-German representation then one must at least in the beginning agree to parity, because otherwise we won't get representation at all." It was quickly discerned, however, that if the plan should be realized, the S.P.D. itself would stand to gain something better than representation. Parity would produce a deadlock within the body of delegates which could only be broken by the S.P.D.'s siding with the East Germans. This would, in effect, at least during the critical initial stages of reunification, give the S.P.D. the key position in deciding Germany's fate. It was also clear which direction the decisions would take—the only possible opening being to the Left.

The greatest impact of the plan was on the S.P.D. itself. A large percentage of the thousands of letters received by German newspapers regarding the plan has come from enraged party members who gave full particulars of their identity.

Within the S.P.D. board of directors, the battle raged even more furiously. Several members wanted to know just how much longer Ollenhauer was prepared to play Socialist Sancho Panza to Wehner's Marxist Don Quixote. Others asked Ollenhauer point-blank when he would finally dump Wehner. Wehner himself took refuge in violent counterattack, agitating for a full-scale parliamentary foreign-policy debate. Finally the mild-mannered Ollenhauer turned on Wehner and called him to order.

At an S.P.D. functionaries' conference held on April 9 in Berlin and presided over by Willy Brandt, an official apologist for the plan tried to explain that the parliamentary council, although based on parity, was to be made up only of delegates chosen in free and secret elections. He was interrupted in mid-sentence by a roar: "But that's not specified in the plan! You can't leave out the most important thing!" On the verge of tumult, the discussion was postponed "indefinitely" by Brandt. An official party "elucidation" of the plan, forty-seven pages long, appeared a few days later. It explained little and changed nothing. It did, however, include the lame statement that the plan was "meant to serve only as a basis for discussion."

FOR THE MOMENT, Wehner and with him the Old Guard of the S.P.D. were saved by Adenauer's announcement of his imminent departure from the foreground of the political scene. The crisis within the S.P.D. was eclipsed by the party's full-throated jubilation over the prospective passing of its greatest enemy. But after the first impact of Adenauer's announcement had worn off, it was clear that no signal had been given for any fundamental change of policy on the part of his government—and that the crisis in the S.P.D. also remains fundamentally unchanged.

2. The Reluctant Warriors

JOHN RICH

BERLIN

DURING the recent international trade fair in Leipzig, when East Germany suspended for a few days many of its police-state regulations, a unit of the Volksarmee, celebrating the third anniversary of its founding—or rather its "coming out"—held open house at its barracks. Families wandered about, soldiers on their best behavior tried to be helpful, and shouting children climbed over trucks and jeeps and squinted through the barrels of the big Soviet-made guns lined up on the parade ground. This was a field-artillery regiment.

A bright-faced *Oberleutnant* who cordially offered to show me around explained that all the heavy equipment was Russian-made. "We don't manufacture arms in the German Democratic Republic," he confided proudly. He was correct as far as heavy arms are concerned, but East Germany now does turn out some small arms and small-caliber ammunition.

East Germany doesn't get the very latest in Soviet equipment, but its weapons are not all merely castoffs either. Tank crews now drive T-54 medium tanks and Stalin heavies, as well as the more plentiful T-34s. In addition to the big field guns I saw, East German troops have a modern Soviet twin-barreled 57-mm. anti-aircraft gun and a new auxiliary-propelled 85-mm. field gun. As far as is known in the West they have no rockets or nuclear weapons, and the chances of the Soviets' ever giving the Volksarmee nuclear weapons appear slight, although its troops undergo

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field training simulating conditions of nuclear warfare.

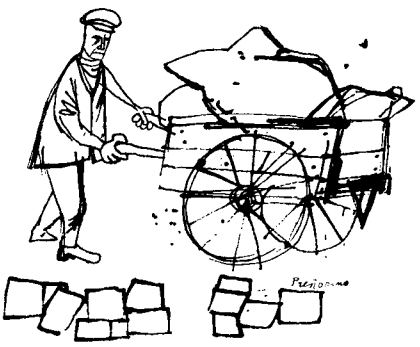
My guide explained proudly that his is a strictly volunteer army, in contrast to that of West Germany, which depends on the draft. Morale is high, he said, because of good relations between officers and enlisted men. He showed me in pantomime how he himself puts in a month every year serving as a soldier, mopping floors and lugging trash. "Even our generals do it," he added.

Although the Volksarmee doesn't depend on outright conscription, it has equally effective pressures to meet recruiting needs. Higher education is denied a youth until he can show that he has put in his time either in the army or "in production." Young men are constantly under tremendous pressures from all sides. The Freie Deutsche Jugend, the East German counterpart of the Komsomol, offers up its regular quota of "volunteers," as do most plants and factories. Half of the refugees fleeing to West Germany are under twenty-five, and one of the main reasons they leave is to escape service in the Volksarmee.

New Disguises for Old

The building of the East German Army really started at Stalingrad with the surrender of Field Marshal von Paulus. Officers from this group of prisoners of war formed the nucleus of the so-called "Barracks Police," set up in 1948 by order of the Soviet occupying forces. The Barracks Police was a crude camouflage for rearmament, begun long before rearming was undertaken in West Germany.

By 1952 the Barracks Police numbered 110,000, the strength of the present East German Army. There are many theories why the size hasn't been increased in the past seven years. One plausible explanation is that the Soviets just don't trust it and don't want it too large. There is also the expense of equipping it. But whatever the reason, the end result is that by keeping its size static the army can be purged of undesirable elements and maintained as a tough, hard-hitting corps. It is estimated that it now has enough well-trained officers to double its present size. Only in 1956 did this oversize East German police force



shed its disguise and emerge publicly as an army.

Soviet supervision has been close. At one time the Russian "Sovietniks" are said to have even worn East German uniforms. But now there is a report that Russian advisers have been withdrawn from the lower levels, an indication of the army's progress. Many of the influential German officers in the Volksarmee have lived long periods in Russia and some even have Soviet citizenship. At Leipzig I asked if there weren't any old Nazis in the army. After pressing my point I got an admission that there were a few, "just a tiny fraction, and anyway those we have reformed."

East German soldiers are being treated with more respect by the Soviets these days. There were times when Russian officers refused to shake hands with their counterparts. That has changed. The two armies now have a program for exchange of folk dancers and other cultural attractions, and they conduct some joint exercises. Last year the East Germans maneuvered with the four-hundred-thousand-man Soviet garrison force on the division level. They also conducted joint operations with the Poles and Czechs.

The Volksarmee helmet is entirely new. I've heard it described variously as German-Russian and as a cross between the Swiss and Czech helmets. The uniform and other personal equipment, however, are strictly old German. While researching this article I was sorting through some pictures with a former German Wehrmacht officer who is now in West Berlin specializing in information about the East. "Look at those packs," he said, pointing to a picture of East German soldiers outfitted with canteen, mess kit, and poncho. "That," he said, too nostalgically I thought, "is the very same pack with which we conquered France."

THE VOLKSARMEE has, or had, seven divisions, two of them tank divisions and the others motorized rifle divisions. Western intelligence sources believe one rifle division has been broken up and cannibalized to build the others up to strength. Like their Russian counterparts, the divisions are self-contained units with high speed and heavy firepower, carrying with them their armor, supply, intelligence, and artillery units. The greatest shortcoming seems to be in transportation and supply. The army also has its women's auxiliary corps, which fills jobs in intelligence, medicine, administration, and meteorology.

Western experts have described Communist Party supervision over the East German Army as "almost perfect." Party boss Walter Ulbricht seems to be doing a better job in this respect than Stalin did. The party controls education completely and promotions of officers must have party sanction.

Willi Stoph, East German defense minister, is a member of the Central Committee, which directs the army and assigns political officers to it. But in the same way that the Central Committee of the party itself has its own party organization, so in the army there are unit party cells operating independently of the political officers assigned from above. There is a third type of party contact. In towns and cities where army units are stationed, civilians from the local parties contact the army, join in social life, conduct propaganda work, and generally keep an eye on things.

BACKING UP the regular army, and considered equally reliable, is the Border Police. This force comprises some forty thousand men equipped with tanks and antitank guns. They can be counted on as equal to a couple of extra divisions in case of trouble. Like Volksarmee recruits, they take the military oath.

Most of the Border Police are stationed along the West German border, but there's a special unit whose title is "Ring Around Berlin." Its job is to guard the 150 miles of barbed-wire barricade around Ber-

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lin, East and West. East Germans going to their capital of East Berlin must also be screened carefully because once there they can easily slip into West Berlin as defectors.

Going down the line in military effectiveness, next come the Alert Police, stationed mainly in state and county seats to protect strategic utilities. There are about twenty thousand of them. Then there are the eight thousand Railway Police, who have their own anti-aircraft guns.

Following the 1953 uprising, the Kampfgruppe were organized. These are factory workers who train as a paramilitary group. They have small arms, which are kept locked up in their plants except for training and on ceremonial occasions. At first the Kampfgruppe wore plain overalls with red armbands, but now they're blossoming forth in military-looking gray uniforms. They train on weekends, and Ulbricht plans eventually to get ten to fifteen per cent of plant membership in the groups. Many discharged soldiers enter the Kampfgruppe.

Refugees coming through West Berlin say that hundred-man Kampfgruppe units are being trained as parachutists north of Berlin at what is purportedly a glider school. According to the refugees, factory foremen and the technical intelligentsia are being trained much as the Soviets developed their own partisans.

The East German Navy and Air Force are much smaller than the Army. The Air Force has from eight to ten thousand men and about a hundred tactical planes, including MIG 15s and 17s. The Soviets themselves handle the air defense of East Germany, and its radar stations are tied in directly with the Russian warning system.

Will It Fight?

The East German Army is the elite of this extensive military system. The decisive question is: Will the army fight?

Undoubtedly the Soviets would like to know the answer to that question as much as the West would. It relates directly to whether they will ever be able to pull their own troops out, leaving the Volksarmee to defend the country and especially to put down any internal uprising.

Much depends on the circumstances of how trouble breaks out, who the opponent is, and how the battle is going. At Leipzig I asked East German soldiers whether, if West Germany gets nuclear arms, they will want them too. The answer came back: "No, we wouldn't. We wouldn't want to use them against other Germans." As of today East German soldiers would evidently find it difficult to open fire on their brothers in the West, or in the East. But they are under constant pressure to overcome this hesitation.

In this respect, time seems to favor the Communist cause. For one thing, the longer German reunification is postponed, the more chance East German government leaders have of developing a popular feeling and support for their régime. If West Berlin can be eliminated and East Germany cut off completely from the West, then their programs will be all the more effective, especially if Germans in the Soviet zone lose hope and become indifferent.

If the Soviets and the East German Communist leaders can convince the troops that there's no future for them in the West, if they can develop in them a collective pride and persuade them that their new goals are valid, then East Germany will have a very effective little army.

The Use and Uselessness Of Outer Space

S. F. SINGER

A LOT of well-meaning people have been proclaiming that our national survival depends on beating the Russians in the race to the moon. Why not Pluto, which is much farther away? Or why not the sun, which is much bigger? Most of the loose talk about the military potential of outer space has concerned such futuristic strategies as the bombing of earth targets from a satellite station or even from a lunar base. I admit that there is some disagreement even among scientists. For example, the RAND Corporation report to the House Space Committee (December, 1958) suggests a number of military applications for satellites, including bombing. But the suggestion is very cautiously phrased and the writer remains anonymous. On the other hand, the President's Scientific Advisory Committee under Dr. Killian reaches a rather opposite conclusion—and its members have signed their names to it.

There are two main criteria for all good bomb carriers, which also apply to a space satellite. First, the technical part of it must be simple, which includes all the usual logistic criteria; i.e. the launching time must be under control, the accuracy required not too great, and the expenditure of propellant small. Second, the launching place should be either well hidden or well protected from enemy attack. Satellite stations fail on both counts.

ONE CANNOT simply *drop* a bomb from a satellite; since the satellite itself is falling freely, the bomb will just remain alongside it and will blow up the satellite, which is not the desired result. To separate the bomb from the satellite, one must therefore give it some velocity. In fact, if one wishes to drop the bomb on a target directly below the satellite at any particular time, then the necessary velocity is just about 25,000 feet per second in a backward direction, and this involves much *more* propulsion than sending the same bomb from one point to another on the earth via an ICBM. (And that's not even counting the cost of getting the beast into orbit to start with.) If one wants to drop a bomb at a place not directly underneath the satellite, then high accuracy of aim is required, together with more propellant. For example, a ten-degree deviation of the bomb re-

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quires an expenditure equivalent to twenty per cent of the satellite's velocity. For the same reason, the maneuverability of a satellite is severely restricted by energy considerations; five orbit changes of ten degrees use up about as much energy as it took to put the satellite up.

At this point we can raise the rather pertinent question of what we mean by "control of space." There are probably only certain portions of space that are worth controlling, those within the environment of the earth. "Control" always implies maneuverability and presumably also a manned vehicle. But as we have seen, maneuverability will be very expensive in terms of propellants unless radical developments are made in rocket technology. At the most optimistic, such maneuverability is many years away.

Quite another aspect of "controlling space" is to deny its use to another nation. This problem is relatively easy. In a way, a space station is a sitting duck. It can be detected by reflected sunlight, by radar, or by its own infrared radiation. Its orbit is governed by the laws of planetary motion; its position can be predicted in advance with great accuracy. It is easily incapacitated. This holds especially for a manned satellite—a small puncture may destroy its airtight integrity, and because it moves in a vacuum it is particularly susceptible to the effects of nuclear weapons. The same sort of arguments about vulnerability applies to bases on, for example, the moon.

The Not All-Seeing Eye

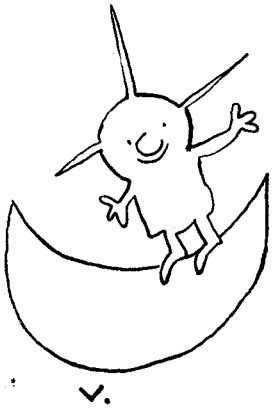
One quasi-military application of satellites is for purposes of reconnaissance. But as a matter of fact, the military usefulness of a reconnaissance satellite is questioned by many scientists and depends really on the degree of optimism with which one approaches the problem.

Estimates of the potential value of television reconnaissance from a satellite vary tremendously. Some experts say we shall be able to recognize objects measuring a mere two feet or less; others contend that the only things we shall be able to identify will measure at least a good fraction of a mile. But even without getting involved in this question, it is obvious that reconnaissance cannot be carried on except when atmospheric conditions are ideal; no clouds, little haze, and of course daylight. Moreover, such tried and true methods as camouflage and decoys should be particularly effective against robot reconnaissance.

Personally, I believe it is foolhardy to claim military uses for space satellites and space stations unless in fact these uses can be well substantiated. First, it scares and misleads the public, and public opinion influences Congress; this in turn forces the hand of the Defense Department and makes the job of selecting our optimum defense setup very difficult. Second, it gives the impression to neutral countries that we are pursuing space exploration *because* of its military applications.

Calling the Earth

Finally, and perhaps most important, we are simply setting up a tremendous propaganda device for the Soviet Union. Since the Russians are very likely to launch a manned space station before we do, and perhaps even get a man to the moon, loose talk on the military uses of space will make the world believe that the



Russians are far ahead of us in a military way, when in fact a manned vehicle may not have *any* military significance.

Obviously, right now is the time for us to gauge what kind of impact a Russian manned satellite would have on the world, and to make sure, right now, before it happens, that this impact will not be exploited by them.

Try to imagine the headline: "RUSSIANS PUT TWO MEN IN ORBIT." Not just one; they are capable of putting up two or even more, and they know the jolt it would give world opinion. One man is just a man—but two men make up a crew. Imagine that these men are able to converse in English, are able to recognize signals from the ground. Imagine that they will perform all sorts of functions, ranging from broadcasting propaganda to answering questions addressed to them, reporting forest fires, and so on. It is hard to overestimate the impact this would have.

There is the tremendous danger that the Russian manned satellites will be represented to people as a great military achievement, that the men in orbit will be represented as the masters of the world. They may occasionally spot a plane taking off, and this will be presented as proof that nothing escapes their view. A few such tricks, and a psychology of deep military inferiority might be impressed on the western world.

If, in addition, the Russians believe their own propaganda and acquire a feeling of tremendous military superiority, then conditions might be ripe for Soviet military adventures. It is decidedly in our interest, therefore, to inform the world, and especially the U.S. public, that a manned satellite is inevitable and that the Russians are likely to be first, but that this will have hardly any military significance.

We Will Have One Too

It is my opinion that the Russians will try a manned satellite very soon. Judging from our own time scales, it should take only a year and a half to prepare a capsule design, test it, and work out a recovery scheme. The main obstacle to a manned satellite is, of course, a completely reliable launching rocket. This, the Russians assure us, they have already. Their straight-faced claim is that none of their Sputnik rockets has ever failed. According to my calculations, then, they should have had a manned satellite up by now. Where is it? Perhaps their rockets are not all that reliable. Or could it be that they are having some other kind of trouble? In any case, if their claims are taken at face value, then their manned satellite is overdue.

Our own manned-satellite program has finally gone into operation after being shunted from agency to agency during the past year and a half. Its success will depend mainly on the availability of a reliable rocket

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booster; presumably the program can go into effect as soon as the Atlas booster has been fired often enough for us to be sure of its reliability. This may take some time; perhaps as many as a hundred firings will be necessary.

In the meantime it is rather surprising that all of our eggs are in one basket, and that only one technical approach to the manned capsule is being taken. It would be wiser if there were duplication or even triplication in our approach to a manned satellite. The capsule itself represents only a small part of the total cost of the program, and a competitive effort might give us a better chance of achieving ultimate success. We should remember the importance of the Jupiter rocket as a backup to the Vanguard satellite program.

From a purely psychological point of view and for prestige purposes, it is essential for us to make sure we can put a man into orbit at the earliest possible date irrespective of when the Russians succeed in their efforts. But since it is unlikely that we shall be first, it behooves us to make it clear to everyone that putting a man in space has nothing to do with the "control of space," whatever that means. Probably man's real function in space is simply to explore the universe he lives in. «»

One Paper Too Many In Lima, Ohio

JAMES A. MAXWELL

"EVERY NOW AND THEN, I get a queer, ghostly feeling while reading the editorial page of the *News*," a resident of Lima, Ohio, remarked recently. "It suddenly seems that Hoiles is arguing not with me but with my great-grandparents."

Raymond C. Hoiles, who added the Lima *News* to his chain of Freedom Newspapers in February, 1956, is indeed a man of extraordinary opinions. From time to time in his papers' editorials and in his own column, "Better Jobs," Hoiles denounces such contemporary phenomena as the United Nations, farm subsidies, Social Security, and minimum-wage laws, but he usually prefers to do battle over issues that most Americans consider long since resolved. Among his favorite, if somewhat ancient, targets are the public-school system ("There is nothing wrong with education that can't be cured by putting it on a private, competitive, voluntary basis"), child-labor laws ("Give him a pick and shovel and let him get started"), taxes ("If it is morally wrong to eat a fellow man so the tribe can be fed, is it not also wrong to rob a fellow man so that the tribe can share his wealth?"), state medical boards (". . . every individual has a right to hire a blacksmith to cut out his appendix if he so desires and the state should not interfere"), and compulsory education ("A house of prostitution is voluntary, a grade school is not)." Hoiles is especially bitter about the last. He feels that compulsory education may have forced literacy upon such "collectivist Republicans" as Robert A. Taft and Herbert Hoover.

NOT UNEXPECTEDLY, the Hoiles credo came as something of a shock to the people of Lima three years ago when the *News* became the eleventh daily in the Freedom Newspapers' chain. The *News* had been the only paper in the town for a quarter of a century, and it had traditionally followed a middle-of-the-road Republican line politically and a civic-minded policy in local matters. These moderate attitudes changed abruptly under the new management. Soon after the paper had changed hands, the *News* played an important part in defeating proposals to fluoridate the city's water and to establish a municipally owned parking area to relieve center-of-town traffic congestion. A fund-raising campaign for the local convalescent home was also given chill treatment.

In the fall of 1956, the town's leading citizens, who were then supporting a library bond issue, were startled to learn from the *News* that they were backing "a program [which] moves all of us closer and closer to socialism, communism, collectivism or whatever you want to call it." In this instance, however, the outraged leaders rallied their fellow citizens to the cause—ninety-two per cent of the eligible voters cast ballots—and passed the bond issue by the largest majority in the town's history.

A number of advertisers also became annoyed with the *News* during the early months of Hoiles's ownership when the width of the paper was increased from eight to nine columns. This action, according to a number of local merchants, increased the space rate without legally breaching existing contracts.

By the spring of 1957, when the *News* ran into serious labor troubles, public support for the paper was at low ebb. Hoiles's ten other papers were and are completely open-shop, but when he bought the *News*, he had to assume the contracts its previous owners had made with the American Newspaper Guild and the typographical unions. The Guild contract expired in February, 1957, and in May negotiations broke down and a strike was called. The printers refused to cross the picket line. Hoiles sent in reporters from his other papers and imported strike-breakers to run the presses, but circulation of the *News* dropped nearly forty per cent and advertising linage shrank drastically.

Mr. Current's Revolt

At this point Wayne G. Current, a former *News* advertising salesman who had resigned when Hoiles's new publisher, E. Robert McDowell, had cut commission rates, decided that Lima was ready for another newspaper. Two local businessmen, Sam Kamin and James Howenstine, owners of Neon Products, Inc., put up $100,000 and agreed to become co-publishers. The striking *News* employees joined in the fund raising, and another $206,000 in stock was sold to some eleven hundred resi-

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dents of the town. A former woolen mill, some distance from the center of the city, became the offices and plant of the new paper, and the editorial, mechanical, and business departments were manned almost exclusively by former members of the *News* staff. The new paper was named the Lima *Citizen*. Its editorial position is just about the same as that of the pre-Hoiles *News*.

Before publication of the first issue on July 1, 1957, the *Citizen* had 22,000 paid subscribers and an impressive volume of advertising contracts. At the end of three months of operation, the Audit Bureau of Circulations' report showed that the *Citizen's* daily sales were about 24,000, while the *News* had dropped from pre-Hoiles figures of 35,000 to about 15,000. Both papers enjoyed somewhat larger circulation on Sunday. According to a recent ABC report, as of September 30, 1958, the *News* has gained about three thousand readers, mostly in the rural areas, and the *Citizen's* circulation has stayed about the same.

The *Citizen* has also maintained a substantial lead in advertising, although its rates are about one-third higher than those of the *News*. Last year the *Citizen's* margin over its rival was more than forty-five per cent, despite the fact that the *News* publishes a satellite weekly, the *Shopper*, which is mailed free to 50,000 homes and which carries ads at the bargain rate of twenty-five cents per inch if they have previously appeared in the *News*.

The competition has been expensive for both papers. Wayne Current, manager of the *Citizen*, says that his paper lost $110,000 during its first year of operation (July 1, 1957, to July 1, 1958) but that losses were cut to $5,000 for the last six months of 1958. The financial picture is actually somewhat darker than these figures indicate. Each employee agreed when joining the staff to permit ten dollars a week to be withheld from his salary, to be paid if and when the paper becomes affluent. This additional debt is now more than $100,000.

Robert McDowell, publisher of the *News*, refused to give any statistics on the losses of his paper, but he conceded that they have been much greater than the *Citizen's*. In addition to having a lesser income from advertising, the *News* is constantly engaged in expensive devices to build circulation, and the *Shopper* is published at a heavy loss.

The Waiting Game

The population of Lima is 56,000, and about the same number of people live in the rest of Allen county. Given today's publication costs, there simply aren't enough potential readers in the area to support two daily newspapers. Which will survive? An odds-maker would probably select the *News*. Hoiles's ten other papers are reportedly making money and are therefore in a position to give financial transfusions to the *News*. Furthermore, Hoiles, an octogenarian who somewhat resembles the cartoon figure Rollin Kirby used to depict Prohibition, has a personal fortune estimated at some $30 million. The only question is how long he will be willing to take losses which, some guess, must be close to $750,000 a year.

The *Citizen*, on the other hand, has meager financial assets but is quite close to breaking even. A few percentage points increase in revenue or decrease in operating costs would put the paper in the black. If that stage were reached, the *Citizen*, which is under no pressure from stockholders for dividends, could simply outwait its opponent.

In recent months the *News* has been considerably more circumspect

in expressing its viewpoint than before its monopoly was challenged. Hoiles's own column, "Better Jobs," has ceased to be a regular feature in the paper. "We expected the *News* to clobber us last November when we had a bond issue for a new municipal airport on the ballot," one of the supporters of the proposal told me. "But the paper didn't say anything one way or the other on the issue and they even published our releases. A year before they would have called everyone behind the measure a Red and thrown every story we gave them in the waste basket. Incidentally, the bond issue passed by a big margin."

"This is an extremely conservative town," said Lima's Democratic mayor, Clyde Welty, "and our council, which is made up of six Republicans and two Democrats, watches every dollar we appropriate with an eagle eye. Also, bond issues and tax levies are tough to pass here. But in the early days when Hoiles took over the *News*, you'd have thought we started the furnace with money from the treasury."

W. Robert McDowell, publisher of the *News*, admits the paper is less militant than before, but he insists that competition from the *Citizen* has had nothing to do with moderating the editorial position. "We had a chip on our shoulder when we first arrived," he said. "We were strangers in town and the local people resented us. Naturally, we fought back. But things are better now. People are learning that we don't have horns."

I asked McDowell how he thought the *News-Citizen* fight would end. "We're here to stay," he said. "Sure we're losing money, but so is the *Citizen* and we're in a position to outlast them. We have money behind us; they don't. Also the Freedom Newspapers is an open-shop outfit and we're open-shop here in Lima. That makes us more mobile than the *Citizen*, which is unionized from top to bottom."

Some newspapermen outside Lima believe the dilemma will be solved by a third party's buying both papers. Several offers of purchase have already been made to the *Citizen*, but the management has rejected them. "We'll win this fight," Wayne Current of the *Citizen* said, "if we do a good job of reacquainting the people with Hoiles's views. Now that the *News* has toned down so much, a lot of readers forget how things were before we started and how they'd be again if we went out of business."

"I don't know how this battle will end," one member of the *Citizen* staff said, "but at least Hoiles is learning that it costs money to try to drag a town back to the nineteenth century."

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Twenty-five Colonels And the Three Evils

HALDORE HANSON

RANGOON

A PILLAR of black oily smoke rose above the center of the city, indicating that another slum was being sterilized. Fires like this have been frequent since General Ne Win began remaking the life of Burma last October 29. Slum clearance was not a responsibility of our American economic advisory group in the prime minister's office, of which I was a member. And in any case we were leaving, for the new régime had dismissed all foreign advisers. But the fire on this particular day was so close to the city's largest pagoda, the Shwe Dagon, that I told my office driver to go past the fire on our way to lunch.

The Shwe Dagon sits atop a hill several hundred feet high, and the pagoda itself rises another 460 feet like an inverted funnel, covered with gold. It is the hub of a city of 800,000, and one of the religious landmarks of the world. This pagoda, before Burma gained independence in 1948, was surrounded by three hundred acres of tropical greenery—toddy palms, bananas, and papaya—for the use of the monks. But when the Communist insurrection broke out that year, refugees streamed out of the rice fields of the Irrawaddy Valley and into Rangoon. More than 200,000 people built shacks and hutments in public parks, alleyways, and religious grounds, including three thousand families who settled on the grounds of the great pagoda. They were squatters, but the benign Buddhist government of Prime Minister U Nu let them stay.

The squalor they brought was not remedied during the next ten years. Garbage accumulated in the streets, and the "cleanest city in Asia," as Rangoon was known in British days, became one of the filthiest. As soon as he was named prime minister, Army Commander Ne Win ordered some twenty-five thousand families —about 125,000 people—to tear down their homes and move. The government staked out ten square miles of new suburbs outside Rangoon. Every family received a free plot of sixty feet by forty. Army bulldozers roughed out the streets. The National Housing Board, with an army officer as its executive, drilled the water wells. Commuter bus lines were organized from the new suburbs to the city, and a new circular railway twenty-five miles long was built around the city in 150 days. Strictly on schedule, two thousand families have been moving to the suburbs each week, and the migration continues. As fast as slums are evacuated, the fire department sprays the previous residential areas with oil and sets it afire.

Entering U Wisara Road on the way to lunch that day, we found our passage blocked by a line of five hundred army trucks engaged in the moving operation. To the right of the road, flames were blackening the evacuated slum area at the foot of pagoda hill. To the left, another two thousand families had already started tearing down their homes in an area equal to six city blocks. Men climbing on housetops removed thatch roofing, salvaged basha siding, bundled up bamboo poles, and carried the materials to the waiting army trucks. Women cooked lunch over charcoal braziers in the street. Crows sat in a row on exposed ridgepoles. It was an eerie sight. Burma, better known as a land of pretty girls in sheer blouses and easygoing men who wear skirts, had not seen such energy and rapid change in its modern history.

SLUM CLEARANCE is not the only change in Rangoon. One of the most colorful sights known to tourists was the bathing of women at the public water tap. The army banned this practice as "unsanitary." The army also prohibited pony carts as a traffic hazard and set a ten-dollar fine for men who urinate in public.

The mayor of Rangoon, who issues these pronouncements, is Colonel Tun Sein, a regular army man who until six months ago was fighting Communists in the jungle. Now he is one of twenty-five colonels who run Burma. Other army colonels in uniform manage the Burma railroads and steamship lines, the telecommunications, the state industries, the customs service, the government rice-trading monopoly, the housing board, and even the labor department. In most activities they are doing an efficient job. But their performance must be judged against some knowledge of the preceding government, and why the army was called in so suddenly last fall.

The Kindliness of U Nu

When Britain granted independence to eighteen million Burmese in 1948, it transferred power to the leading nationalist party, known as the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League (AFPFL). Since then the history of Burma has been largely the story of a one-party government losing momentum and growing soft and corrupt on the job, while its Buddhist scripture-quoting leader, U Nu, went on captivating the population. This government achieved much that was good in the fields of agrarian reform and education. But other parts of the record are less praiseworthy. The prime minister held charitable views on how to stop Communist rebels, and his kindliness toward his adversaries softened every army drive for law and order. This was the government's greatest inadequacy. The ruling party also had a poorly defined concept of Fabian socialism under which private business was harassed, semi-official trading monopolies were given to political friends (this was called Burmanization), and some sixty million dollars was invested in state industries—jute, cotton, steel, cement, pharmaceuticals, sugar—that were run at a loss by slack political appointees.

In April, 1958, a quarrel over leadership caused the AFPFL to split into two factions, roughly of equal strength. Names and details are unimportant here. The essential fact, so army intelligence revealed

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later, was that the factions were preparing to use military force against each other and Communist insurgents were converging on Rangoon to profit if they could. It was against this threat of new civil war that U Nu (whether freely or by army "persuasion" is not clear) made a radio broadcast last September 29 urging Army Commander Ne Win to take over the government for six months, during which elections should permit a choice between political factions. A subsequent parliament extended the life of the Ne Win government to April, 1960.

GENERAL NE WIN is forty-seven. He attended Rangoon University for several years before the Second World War but left before graduation to accept a career post in the Post Office Department, thus following the civil-service preference of his father, who had been a revenue officer under the British. It was the Japanese who drew Ne Win into the army. In 1941 he was chosen as one of the "thirty comrades," a now legendary group of Burmese who were smuggled secretly to Japan for military training and returned to Burma immediately ahead of the Japanese invasion. At that stage Burma regarded the Japanese as an anti-colonial liberating force. Ne Win became commander of the Burma Defense Army, a local organization used by the Japanese for internal law and order. This force was never fully trusted by the Japanese, and it revolted against them sixty days before the Allies recaptured Rangoon. The United States thought well enough of the little-known Ne Win, then thirty-three, to award him the U.S. Legion of Merit in 1945.

The general is a lean wiry man of great physical energy. He plays tennis daily at the War Office and golfs twice a week at Rangoon Golf Club. He shows practically no awareness of personal importance when he talks with club members, including Americans, whom he addresses in good English. His wife is the daughter of Burma's leading surgeon.

The general brought some useful personal qualities to the job. He is a fourteen-hour-a-day worker, a good organizer who knows how to delegate authority (something his predecessor found difficult). He has never been accused of corruption. His greatest failing is a suspicion of civilians, including civil servants. That is why, after choosing an official cabinet of eight civilians, all relatively old men from the civil service and the judiciary, he placed real power in the hands of a small number of army and navy officers, strategically located throughout the government. Ne Win objects to calling this a "military government," and in a technical sense he is right, since all the army officers have been formally appointed to civil-service posts. Nevertheless, they constitute the real cabinet, and meet as group at the War Office to decide government policies.

These officers are in their late thirties. Many of them are college-trained. They come from the same middle-class social background as the civil servants, and some are married into families of leading politicians. The austere approaches the officers take to government problems

can be explained by their ten years of relative privation in army life, and a belief, probably mistaken, that civil officials have previously looked down upon the army.

Of Communists and Shrimp

General Ne Win and his twenty-five colonels have listed as their targets the destruction of armed insurgents, private profiteers or "economic insurgents," and corrupt officials. Those were the three evils as the army saw it last October, and all else was to be secondary. For the time being, the army decided to de-emphasize economic development. Burma was to enter a period of austerity in which the first task would be the effective running of existing enterprises.

The establishment of law and order came first in Ne Win's original program. There are not more than eight thousand armed rebels in Burma today, army intelligence recently reported publicly, but they are scattered over the country in small bands, and have had two important allies: the above-ground civilian Communists who have provided courier service and supply lines, and the frightened villagers who have paid rebel taxes and remained silent about rebel military movements.

To break the above-ground Communist organization, last November the Ne Win government began throwing thousands of agents in jail, even creating a new concentration camp in the Andaman Islands, three hundred miles south of Rangoon in the Bay of Bengal, to receive some of them. Among those arrested were the leaders of the Communist-dominated students' union at Rangoon University. In order to purge the university of hundreds of non-studying enrollees who served as recruiters for the Communists, the government tightened entrance examinations, barred those who flunked in year-end tests from further classes, and adopted a new tuition system, replacing the previous free education. The present enrollment of eleven thousand is expected to drop by half, with a compensating gain in academic quality.

NEXT, the army offered rewards to villagers who reported rebel movements. To protect these "people's informers," the Army adopted British jungle tactics from Malaya, moving regular troops into permanent occupation of many Communist areas. In a few places where people failed to co-operate, the army burned down the villages. This was certainly a tougher line than the previous government had applied.

Colonel Maung Maung, in charge of anti-Communist operations, has stated publicly that he expects to break all major armed rebel groups by the end of the year. This is a more optimistic timetable than proved practical in Malaya and the Philippines, but Burma has one difference: its Communists need not fight to the bitter end, because they

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can retreat over the border into Communist China.

Second on the list of the Ne Win government's evils is the private profiteer. Burma has always enjoyed the cheapest rice in Asia, hence no one was hungry. But the prices of some essential imported goods—for example, cotton yarn, sugar, and canned milk—fluctuated wildly under the old government, in part because of hoarding by unscrupulous traders. The army established ceiling prices on twenty-nine essential consumer goods, and assigned troops in uniform to inspect the shops. To bring the hoarded goods out of hiding, the army established maximum inventories in each shop and intelligence agents raided warehouses.

Within a few weeks last November, shrimp fell from thirty-five cents a pound to twenty cents. Fresh pork was pegged at twenty-one cents a pound, chicken at thirty cents, and boneless mutton at thirty-five cents. The Ne Win government persuaded parliament to remove the ban on cattle slaughter, a fetish of the previous Buddhist leaders. Now a good pot roast can be had in Rangoon for twenty cents a pound. When private fishing companies refused to market fish at the government price, the army organized its own government-financed fishing fleet. Army trucks began hauling firewood into Rangoon to bring down the cost of cooking fuel. Army "negotiators" persuaded theaters to cut their prices twenty-five per cent, and the tea houses offered a cup of tea (half milk) for four cents instead of five. Such measures brought the Rangoon cost of living index down twelve per cent in six months.

BUT THE RECORD is not as favorable as the prices suggest. Shops are rationing each housewife to one skinny chicken and less than twelve ounces of shrimp, one of the favorite foods here. Apparently army price levels have discouraged producers, who refuse to market more. Moreover, these controls can last only as long as the economic policeman stands by, and the temporary benefits have been attained at a cost of serious indigestion in the business community. Hundreds of Indian and Pakistani traders have been deported or frightened into leaving the country, and Burmese wholesalers have been jailed. Bank vaults were raided in a search for black-market money, producing little but a fear of using the banks. Warehouse searchers prompted one European merchant to remark: "Normally at this time I procure over $100,000 in beans for export to Japan, but who knows what the army will say if they find that many beans in my warehouse? I'll pass up the trade this year." And Burma passed up the foreign exchange.

THE THIRD TARGET of the Ne Win government is the corrupt government official. Even those hardened to Asian graft have been surprised at the findings of army investigators. At the Rangoon Electric Supply Board, a government utility, the new army administrator found a shortage of $5 million in Japanese electric appliances that had been received as reparations. The colonel in charge of railways has added nearly $100,000 a year to the income of Rangoon commuter trains merely by policing ticketless travelers, who had previously tipped the conductor. The colonel in charge of telecommunications found a lucrative Rangoon-Mandalay telegraph traffic carried over government wires with the proceeds paid to politicians. At the National Housing Board, the agency in charge of public housing, two hundred residents of government flats were found to be paying their rents to persons other than the official agency. A Port of Rangoon pilot boat arrived from abroad containing a large assortment of smuggled radios, refrigerators, and other goods consigned to a previous minister. A drive by the Rangoon police to collect a two-dollar license tax on radios—a levy that had been on the books for some years—yielded $105,000 in two weeks.

The search for corruption led to more serious crimes. Eleven members of parliament are now under arrest awaiting trial for kidnaping, murder, and treason. The biggest scandal concerns the kidnaping last August of the son of a wealthy Rangoon umbrella manufacturer named Moosa Madha, whose family paid $168,000 in ransom. Army intelligence has released confessions involving eighteen men in the plot, including four members of parliament, and alleging that five murders were committed in the process of dividing the loot.

The Trains Run on Time

A balance sheet of the Ne Win government at this stage sounds uncomfortably like that early appraisal of Mussolini—"Isn't it nice that the trains run on time." But the significance of discipline in Asia today should not be underestimated. Asians ask very little of their government. Minimum law and order would be one requirement. Some accounting for public tax money would be another. Passable public services, such as mails and transportation and city sanitation, would be a third. All these things require a degree of administrative discipline. The U Nu government had to concede shortcomings in all of them.

If army officers remain in office for a period of years, there is no reason to consider them immune to Parkinson's Law or to the lure of corruption. The petty tyrannies normally found in army rule are not wholly lacking. But by and large this government shows respect for both civil rights and civilian sensitivities. And since parliament has set elections for 1960, Burma is likely to be a net gainer from this experiment in army rule.

The only doubt about holding next year's elections concerns the intentions of some officers. Ne Win seems determined to step out of office, but there are officers under him who may not be wholly lacking in ambition. Two men are most often cited. One is Colonel Maung Maung, a college-educated Roman Catholic, aged thirty-nine, who holds the title of Army Training Director and who manages army intelligence as well as Burma's drive against Communism. The other is Brigadier Aung Gyi, forty-one-old chief of staff, No. 2 man in the Army, also a college man, bright and personable, formerly secretary of the Socialist Party of Burma and now director of all economic programs for the government.

No matter how the elections turn out, the power of this group of army officers will be a continuing factor in Burma. "You may be sure," General Ne Win remarked recently, "that we will ensure the continuation of our reforms long after we step down."

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A Talk on the Wild Side

A bowl of coffee with Nelson Algren

DAVID RAY

To visit Nelson Algren on Chicago's Northwest Side is to make a trip through the country of his novels. Your car is held up by freight trains along the river spanned by black-girdered bridges as loomingly solid and complicated as Algren's prose. You find his building buried down brick streets; he lives in an area where the old-world tenements seem to lean against each other for comfort. This is the country webbed by the El, where the images of Algren's prose predominate—the wan winter light that grays his pages, the sound of the shunting El.

This is the territory of his early stories, Noble Street between Chicago and Division—across the street from St. Boniface's Church—down the block from Roman's Bar. Into his flat he has moved a few essentials, including a hi-fi, a TV set, and some books. He hasn't bothered to put up pictures, and one gets the feeling that he might move on at any minute. On the sink lies a ten-cent tube of toothpaste, perhaps enough for two squeezings. It's not the kind of place that makes you feel its occupant has "settled down."

We sit in the kitchen drinking coffee from bowls, for Algren has no cups. I allow myself the liberty of jotting notes as we talk. Over his shoulder I see the little back room—bare with a grayed window opening onto a brick wall. Here I see only a massive typewriter surrounded by sheaves of paper that seem to have fallen around it like a snow of orderly turbulence.

Q. *Your work has been both vilified and praised. You've been rated by Hemingway as second best to Faulkner and have been requested to shut up shop by* Time. *What is your reaction?*

A. Not second best to anybody. Either I've lapped the field or I'm nowhere. Didn't even know I was in a bowling league till Papa came out with those ratings. Papa will match Scott Fitzgerald with Fidel Castro if you don't watch him. He is the Nat Fleischer of American letters. But his war, and Faulkner's, was the First. Mine was the Second. The cats of Yoknapotawful County are a different stripe than those of West Division. Down there they have been on the land since time began and are dying on it. Here they just came to town and are living in it. You have to watch Papa. He is very fond of refereeing.

Q. *Have you ever met Papa?*

A. I went to his house in Havana one Christmas Day. A fellow there was sitting up in bed. He looked like Santa Claus with a Ph.D. He had a big white beard and steel-rimmed glasses and was wearing a baseball cap. You know who it was? Papa. He was in bed because his stomach still hurt from a martini he'd had just before that plane crashed in Africa. All around the wall were heads of rhinos, hippos, water buffalo, and musk ox who'd been with him when he crashed. I took it he was the sole survivor.

I had just seen a Walt Disney movie about African lions, so I filled him in on how it's the female who does the hunting. After a while it dawned on me that the brutes looking down on me were listening too, so I switched the subject to what Tony Zale hit Al Hostak with at the Chicago Stadium in 1937. One of the heads began looking like Hostak, so I quit.

After that, Papa told me that when Thomas Wolfe panicked because he thought he had a venereal disease, all he had was plain old crabs, what did I think of that? That guy certainly made a big thing out of one little crab, was my thought. Why, in the Army we had a guy who never got rid of them; he came in the Army with them, scratched his way through the Battle of the Bulge, and was still scratching when he was discharged. I forget his name but he came from Red Bank, New Jersey.

But to get back to Papa. He has the only thing without which no writer was ever great—the thing that made Wolfe think a crab was syphilis—the fear of death like an incurable disease, the sense of time running out, the need of getting one victory over Sergeant Death and making it stick.

When he puts a foot on the brute's neck he has temporary relief—he has killed the Sergeant. Then another impala jumps up and the big fear starts again. Papa doesn't seem to know that when he wrote "Fifty Grand" he broke the Sergeant down to Pfc.

Q. *Then you feel Papa is more afraid of death than most men?*

A. Yes. Because he has more to lose by it than most men. So he makes a safari out of it.

Q. *Do you feel your own work falls into a particular method or concern?*

A. My concern is the same as that of Whitman saying "I feel I am of them, I belong to those convicts and prostitutes myself, therefore I

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cannot deny them, for how can I deny myself?"

My concern is for the unzipped. For the woman who answered, when the judge told her he was sorry for her: "Don't feel sorry for me. All I have to do is put a paper of strychnine into my next hype and you'll all be dead." Also for the boy selling baby photographs who killed a woman on Tuesday and mourned on Friday: "If it hadn't been for that I would of had a 150-dollar week."

THEY SAY it's a bad time for compassion. But when was compassion in oversupply? A cold complacency is the coming thing in insurance, literature, and advertising. Twenty years ago people were asking, "What is going to happen to Man?" They used to talk like that, as if they were connected with one another. Now they've all moved to the suburbs and all they want to know is "What about *us?* What about *us?* What about *us?*" All I can say is "Ask Sloan Wilson about you. Ask Herman Wouk about you. Ask John O'Hara about you. I don't know about you!"

Q. *Do you agree with most critics that* The Man with the Golden Arm *is your best?*

A. *A Walk on the Wild Side* is by sixteen furlongs and eleven lengths the better book. *The Arm* was a solid job which humanized and personalized an American street corner lying in the path of an expanding national traffic in drugs. In a decade of books written by ribbon salesmen it appeared almost a great book. Rereading it I find it a bit on the woolly side, a little hard to get into; but once into it, rewarding. *A Walk* is something entirely different. It is a kind of novel that, so far as I know, has never been written before. It is an American fantasy, a poem written to an American beat as true as *Huckleberry Finn.* What I ought to have been better prepared for, of course, was the fury that original work always arouses in the furies of footnoteism—the men who use literature like other men use the trade in insurance, something to get an office with your name on the window. It shook the ladder they'd been at such patience to climb, although I hadn't meant to shake ladders. People get very angry when you frighten them. The book frightened the footnote furies. May I stir my coffee with your spoon?

Q. *If you were to rewrite* The Man with the Golden Arm, *would you change anything?*

A. I would avoid its cowboy-and-Indian ending. No gunfire and no big scenes. There is tragedy in America more common than a man being shot down in the street, more terrible than any police trap. It is the American disease of isolation, one which affects Americans from penthouse to tenement: an inability to "get with it," a simple incapacity to communicate. With drug addicts the causes are sufficiently plain: the addict is pursued and obsessed; he has withdrawn from the world; he is living behind a locked door. Thus he walks among the people and places he knows—familiar streets and old-time faces, and no longer belongs among them. He belongs nowhere. He is loveless, friendless, sexless, defenseless—the total spiritual death within the living being. Multitudes of Americans suffer from inability to love, fear of sex and dread of joy, without being drug addicts. We are both the richest and hungriest people that ever were assured that they were the greatest ever, while at the same time being secretly frightened that they might turn out to be only second best. We are horrified by the governments that keep people in line by police control, yet we ourselves are as dependent upon the stool pigeon as the Russians are upon armored tanks.

IN FRANKIE MACHINE'S tragedy I would depict this fear of living which has always infected our national life. Sometimes it seems to me that New England's rock-bound coast is touching Los Angeles; for all its flaunting of sex, that city is actually a port off New England. As someone said of a very sexy actress: "It's all out front; there's nothing to take home." We seem to have become that kind of country—where it's all out front and nothing to take home.

Q. *Do you think the beatniks are bringing anything home?*

A. The one who said he was going up on a high mountain and pray to Shelley for forgiveness baffled me. I felt that if a man wants to pray to a celebrity, that's his privilege, but wouldn't you think he'd go to a believing Christian rather than to one of literature's more furious heretics? Shelley wouldn't listen to God—why should he heed a beatnik? Particularly a Norman Vincent Pealenik?

I have no personal beef with the Deity. All I say is that if your trade is a trumpet, blow it; if it's painting, paint it; if it's poetry, write a poem with some poetry in it and let the God trade be. Fulton Sheen is taking care of that. Master your delivery as he has mastered his and you'll get on television too.

People who are truly close to God walk the earth of Man. They are people like Louis Armstrong, who can make you think when he plays, "Here comes a friend." They are people like Bessie Smith singing "Gimmie a pigfoot and a bottle of beer." There's more of God in Bessie's pigfoot than in any pharmaceuticized creep praying for forgiveness to a dead poet. Forgiveness for what? For breaking the handle of his shovel against his sand pail?

I think that, in gaining an affluence so great that we are at last able to support infantilism as a trade, one followed by professional infants, we have scored another first.

I BELIEVE the beatniks are in aid and comfort to complacency—to people who take it for granted that the proper function of the artist is to amuse, that his job is to expose himself as a gin-struck eccentric isolated from the lives of ordinary American livers. Hence the applause for them from Time Inc.

They aren't dedicated to the human condition. They are dedicated to their own pains. They remind me of an ad I saw in a Greenwich Village window: CLASSES IN NON-CONFORMITY WEDNESDAY AT 9. PLEASE BE ON TIME.

Q. *I remember a piece in* Time *about a poker game you ran locally.*

A. Pay *Time* no heed. They've got one writer up there who turns out all the back pages. He culls the stuff from newspapers. It sounds like *Time* has a man on the spot, but it's just Max at work, culling away. Max doesn't have a last name. That's so nobody can sue him. Max is all

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right. Max does as he's told. I like Max. He's a good old culler. Ask me what I'm thinking about now.

Q. *What are you thinking about?*

A. Pat Suzuki.

Q. *Is he a critic?*

A. No, it's a girl. She sings a song called "Daddy, You Got to Get the Best for Me." She's very young but the song is old.

Q. *Do you get much exercise?*

A. Not much. But just lately I've been thinking seriously of swimming the English Channel. I mean, the exercise is thinking about it, all those choppy waves, you're out there all alone, your boat loses you, you keep on anyhow, a storm comes up, you don't quit, the lights of the French shore seem miles away, planes are searching for you, still you don't give up. Something huge and slimy brushes you in the dark, its fin cuts the water—what the hell ocean *is* this anyhow? Still you don't quit. You don't panic. You pace yourself. You have unsuspected sources of strength. You get your second wind. You get your third, your fourth. At last the sea gets quiet. The light on the French shore shines clear. You can make out people waving encouragement. Only a few yards more. You drown. No, I don't get much exercise. I used to go over to a local boxing organization, but it's been nailed up.

Q. *What do you think of the label somebody pasted on you when he called you the Division Street Dostoevsky?*

A. He better be careful, whoever said it. Division is a long street.

Q. *Do you think academic studies help the young writer?*

A. Hardly a serious writer with a formal education. I cite you Whitman, London, Poe, Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Mark Twain, Ambrose Bierce, J. C. Kornpoën.

Q. *J. C. Kornpoën?*

A. Not surprised you haven't heard the name. Came from the small mining community of Groveling, Missouri. Perhaps the greatest creative imagination of our day. I say "perhaps"—no one ever really knew. No way of telling for sure. You see, J. C. never wrote anything down. That was what was so great about it, Dad. He kept it all in his head! Kornpoën occupied the Chair of Make-Believe Literature at Alcoholics Anonymous. Never sold out. "No offers," he used to explain.

BOOKS BY NELSON ALGREN CURRENTLY IN PRINT

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM. *Pocket Books (paperback). 35¢. Doubleday. $3.95.*
THE JUNGLE. *Avon. 35¢.*
THE NEON WILDERNESS. *Avon. 35¢.*
NEVER COME MORNING. *Avon. 35¢.*
A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE. *Farrar, Straus. $4.50.*

Q. *Few prose writers own a style so compressedly rich in imagery as yours. George Bluestone, for example, spoke of the poetic technique in your fiction in his illuminating article in* Western Review *recently. To what extent is this application of poetic techniques conscious or purposeful?*

A. Mr. Bluestone not only illuminates various reviews; he lights up the whole joint—by means of a bulb concealed under his lapel attached to a small battery he carries in his pocket. Mrs. Bluestone carries an extra battery in event of a power failure. What you term "poetic technique" isn't overtly conscious. I write the way I feel, and that is how I feel. That's all I know about it.

Q. *Since you published that short story in* The Neon Wilderness *about the legless man—he reappears as Schmidt in* A Walk on the Wild Side—*I've read several stories featuring legless men. Do you feel these may have been derived?*

A. No proprietary rights over amputees. Captain Ahab and Porgy were around before Railroad Shorty rolled on. If you explore new country, cautious men will follow. Once I reported a kid who, when sentenced to the electric chair, said, "I knew I'd never get to be twenty-one anyhow." That was before the war. When I got out, the kid had gone to work for a neighboring novelist. I started going to the police line-ups. A couple of pieces in *Esquire* and they were adapted for radio and later for TV. Why not? The neighboring novelist used them fairly effectively. I went out and brought back the man with the thirty-five-pound monkey on his back. Again he showed up with the N.N. I began hoping the N.N. wouldn't snatch Railroad Shorty. Just then I heard the thunder of little wheels, and sure enough —here comes Railroad Shorty. The N.N. didn't know what to do with him, he just wanted to have an amputee too. He is like Max Noname at *Time*. He won't risk using his own personality either. Anonymity, it's the coming thing.

Q. *Did the legless man come out of your own experience?*

A. The original legless man was named Freddy, and he lived in a boardinghouse in East St. Louis. He sold a colored water that passed for a perfume which he made in the bathtub. He hung around an East St. Louis tavern and was both admired and feared. He had lost his legs working as a fireman on the Michigan Central years before, and must have been well over six feet before the accident. Nobody, even when he was on his platform, thought of him as less. I believe he was the strongest man I've ever known. I don't mean just in physical terms. He had a strength of *person* that dominated every scene he occupied.

People who suffer that violent an accident are often left mentally groggy. Freddy was clear as light, capable of tremendous rage, and yet a humorous and gentle man ordinarily.

I have seen him many times since: wheeling down North Avenue in Chicago at three on a bitterly cold February morning. Again under an Arab's burnoose and without his platform, kneewalking through the *souk* at midday in Fez. I saw him coming downhill in the rain in a Welsh town called Llanelly; it was evening and there was a war on that was going to last forever, and I was hurrying to pick up a girl before the blackout curtains were pulled. The last time I happened on him was in the neighboring novelist's last book. That was the last time I'll see him. So long, Freddy.

NOW WHAT was that you said about Bostowiskey? What Bostowiskey? Bostowiskey-by-Haircut-Shop? Bostowiskey-by-Whiskey-Tavern? Bostowiskey-by-where-Car-bends-Corner? Bostowiskey-by-Wiadock? You think Bostowiskey is so great, why don't you interview him? You come in here and smoke my cigars and drink my brandy and steal the silver and now you want to fight. Go fight Bostowiskey.

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MOVIES

A Motto on the Cemetery Wall

FLORA LEWIS

THE PRODUCER'S PUFF for the film has this to say about its two main characters:

The heroes of our story have one thing in common: they are not heroes.

Hans Boeckel is a man of upstanding character and cheerful outlook. Bruno Tisches has the character which the moment requires and the outlook he finds most useful . . .

During the inflation, Hans sold newspapers so he could study right and wrong. He didn't know if the papers were right or left. During the inflation, Bruno sold stocks and currency so he could live well and high. He earned a lot, because his right hand didn't know what his left hand was doing . . .

Hans was a civilian. He lost his post, because he couldn't stand properly at attention. Bruno's uniform was ever more splendid. He stood strictly at attention until all posts were lost.

After the war, Hans managed to make out once more. That is the German miracle. After the war, Bruno managed to make out once more. That is also a German miracle.

Hans is what you could call a typical German. Bruno is what you could call a typical German.

HANS AND BRUNO have been poking West Germans in the ribs for some months now in a film, made in West Germany by West Germans, called *Wir Wunderkinder* ("We Miracle Kids," or, as it is to be called more pompously in the United States, *We Wonderful People.*) A light-handed, heavyhearted exposé of the little wrinkles and the awful rifts in the German character, the film draws the nation's historical portrait from the handlebar-mustached *Kaiserreich* of Wilhelm II through the toothbrush-mustached Third Reich to the clean-shaven, far too slick, and shadowy present.

I saw it in Berlin, in a huge, modernistic movie house on the Kurfürstendamm about a mile from the Brandenburger Gate, beyond which self-criticism is a very different kind of affair. It opens with a scenic view of Neustadt an der Nitze, a nasty little run-down village which a temporarily disembodied narrator extols in familiar cloying tones. The gasworks, he admits in a quick survey of the dilapidated points of village pride, are not lovely, "but then whoever saw a lovely gasworks?" Among the schoolboys of Neustadt are Bruno and Hans.

Suddenly materializing, the narrator turns out to be a wistful-faced music-hall type accompanied by a hard-working pianist from the days of silent films. With appropriate music and comment, they set out to show their compatriots what the author, Hugo Hartung, has subtitled "a nevertheless cheerful story of our lives." It is 1913 and Neustadt is in the midst of honoring the centenary of a battle because, the commentator explains, "the good people have had no war for a long time so at least they want to celebrate an old one."

Visibly swollen with national pomp and pride, the good people have not long to wait. Deceptively sweet-faced Bruno, the sailor-suited schoolboy, has already learned that the easiest road to glory is self-inflation, and the national collapse in 1918 only teaches him to blow harder. "Enjoy the postwar time, for soon it will be the prewar time," sing the narrator and the pianist, but Bruno needs no advice. Hans, his honest schoolmate, is spared Bruno's ups and downs because he never gets up very far, being without claws for either climbing or fighting. Hans laughs good-naturedly when fellow students in Munich lampoon a stumpy, noisy clown in 1932 in the crisply ringing words of the "Adolf-Tango," of which this is an approximate version:

Adolf, you should be in movies.
You are no chancellor, you're a parody.
Adolf, you are just hysterical;
Historical is what you'll never be.
Adolf, politics has nothing for you,
Go in the movie so we can laugh our fill,
A paper hanger cannot be Führer,
And if you are you'll be a paper hanger still.

Hans laughs, but the audience in Berlin merely chuckled, and somewhat grimly. What tickled their funnybones much more was a scene taunting stormy brown-shirted arrogance, for that was a sight the past had seldom provided. Bruno, a rapidly rising Nazi who has taken to heiling Hitler on every occasion, is chatting raucously with party comrades in the men's room of the beer hall. Leaving, he shoves out his arm with the customary shout and salute, but his hand is empty. The attendant, accustomed by his job to getting along with all types, replies politely, "Heil Hitler with towel is fifty pfennigs." Full of his coming importance, Bruno pays up but he assures the man that "Next year everything will be different." The attendant watches him stomp out and philosophically shakes his head. "What's the difference?" he mutters to himself. "They'll always come to pee."

OF COURSE, the man who works in the men's room has only a one-sided picture of the world, and some things do change. The theme song of the next era is no low-down shimmy but a march. To ugly boom-booms, Germany marches through a decade, growing steadily bigger, meaner, and poorer. Except for the exceptions, that is, people like Bruno and his coterie, who live wildly in what had been a Jewish doctor's well-appointed house. Unlike most of the people he knows, who go booming along with Bruno to hang on to their jobs, or because like one beery Bavarian they yearn to blow a martial trumpet once again, Hans squeaks through life in the subbasement of the Third Reich. When war comes, he too must march as a footsore conscript, but Bruno stays home to soothe with promises of final victory the gray-faced soldiers' wives who don't like being bombed.

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In the midst of Bruno's patriotic declamation, the air-raid siren sounds and the screen goes blank. When the narrator jumps up to fill it, he explains to the pianist that the film broke.

"Blast, once again we won't see the final victory," says the pianist.

That line got a loud and bitter laugh.

AFTER THE WAR, Hans, who never had anything to do with the Nazis, is lifted from ragged, rubble-dusted penury only through the intervention of an American officer, a former German Jew whom he had once befriended and who had managed to escape. But Bruno, under a temporary *nom de paix*, has already landed on his feet and is laying the dark black-market foundations for a bright postwar fortune. Defending himself against Hans's disgust, Bruno boldly mouths the familiar phrases:

"You know as well as I do that the man was crazy," the erstwhile ardent Nazi snorts. "It's true that I went along with him for a time, but it was only to prevent the worst."

Then comes the *"Wirtschaftswunder."* ("We live high, high, high, high . . . and that's no wonder after losing the war," mock Neumann's lyrics.) Hans has a respectable job as a newspaperman. Bruno, rolling in riches in his appropriate new incarnation, is incensed when Hans refers in print to his Nazi record. He tries to have Hans fired.

Short on memory but long on shrewdness, Bruno shouts between pills for his managerial ulcer, "I fought Hitler openly . . . and what did you do against him? Did you ever dare say what you thought? Did you write one word against Hitler?"

After a lifetime of looking the other way, Hans winces, and then delivers the moral of the film:

"When the house is on fire, you can't put it out with ink. It should have been done before. . . . We didn't take you seriously enough. But we've learned. We have to watch out for you before you start to play with matches again."

That brought a shouting ovation from the house. Whatever it meant in terms of the past of each individual in the audience—and some were transfixed by the memories those simple words evoked—the warning seemed to refresh and revive. And yet the film was not over, for it was meant not to judge but to irritate and to alert.

Rushing out with threats that he can show Hans where the power now roosts, Bruno steps into the shaft of a broken elevator. This time Bruno is finished for good, the narrator says, "but there are many more like him, and unfortunately not many elevators are broken."

Bruno's funeral, like his life, is enormously sleek and successful, if unmarred by any genuine emotion. But it has rousing sentiment, expressed in the obsequial oration exhorting his thriving mourners to go on in the spirit that was his. Well satisfied, the mourners do not notice, as they leave, a motto on the cemetery wall, a motto that grows larger and larger until it fills the screen and ends the film. It says, "We warn the living."

THE CRITICS were generally approving, without plumbing the moral too much. Primarily, the film owed its success to gradual word-of-mouth recommendations. One Munich sheet, however, the *Deutsche Soldaten Zeitung,* vehemently denounced Hoffmann for "befouling the nest" and "masking traitors."

There is censorship in West Germany, and Hoffmann had half expected a row over some of the acid cracks about the country's present upper crust. "I had some footage made up," he said, "all black with the white word 'censored.' I was going to use it if a single word was cut." None was.

In Germany these days it is all very well, although not very fashionable, to cluck a bit about the past. But Hoffmann's film is the first popular excursion into the reasons for what happened that does not stand pat on the Versailles treaty, or the miseries of inflation and unemployment, or the universal existence of some thugs and brutes. There has scarcely been anything to remind people that history is a continuous process, a play drawn on a developing theme and not a series of vaudeville skits in which the same actors may keep reappearing but without the least connection between their successive roles. That air of having just been born, with no past at all, is by far the most disturbing quality of the German atmosphere now. It is a ghostly feeling of levitation from time, of unreality, where the worst thing to be feared is not what is happening, but the thud that will come when solid ground is hit once more.

THEATER

'Hunger for a Grand Theme'

MARYA MANNES

A LITTLE MUSICAL called *The Nervous Set,* which closed the other day after a two-week rear-guard action on Broadway, brought to a head a long-standing puzzlement on my part about drama critics. I am thinking specifically of those on the major New York dailies whose judgments so decisively affect a play's destiny.

I read the reviews of *The Nervous Set* before I saw it myself. Walter Kerr of the New York *Herald Tribune* devoted most of his column to savage derision of beatniks, both in and out of the musical, and of their jargon, calling the whole show a "new embarrassment." I gathered that *The Nervous Set* was an inept and amateurish defense of the beat generation in general, wholly free from virtue except for one song.

Brooks Atkinson of the *Times* found that it had a "shrewd slant on contemporary attitudes" and that "nothing on the local music stages this season has been so acid and adult as the wry portrait of Greenwich Village beatniks it offers when the show begins." He also applauded many of the songs and lyrics as well as much of the acting, deploring only the story's resolution, in which

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Fairfield County triumphs over Washington Square.

After seeing the play, I would go further than Mr. Atkinson and say that *The Nervous Set* provided a great deal of relaxed fun, that it had at least five numbers that showed far more talent than anything in such big hits as *Redhead* or *Destry Rides Again,* and that Tani Seitz and Larry Hagman are among the most original young actors I've seen in a long time. *The Nervous Set* was unimportant and unresolved, but I must confess I had a better time at it than at *J.B.,* which won a Pulitzer Prize for drama this year.

So WHAT? Merely a matter of difference of opinion: Kerr loathed it, Atkinson admired it, one magazine reviewer enjoyed it?

I don't think so. I think rather that Kenneth Tynan put his finger on the disturbing nature of New York theater criticism when he wrote not long ago, in the London *Observer,* of the choice of the year's best American play:

One felt, in much of the voting, a hunger for a Grand Theme, for sonority and amplitude and cosmic repercussion; a hunger so profound that it was perfectly prepared to take the will for the deed. This appetite for grandeur and its concomitant, a proneness to be deceived by pretentiousness, are not in themselves to be derided; what perturbs me is the nature of the themes that are considered, by American audiences as well as by many American critics, to be the primary wellsprings of great drama.

What impresses critics is the blockbuster: not one of the seven "notorious make-or-breakers" of the New York dailies, wrote Tynan, voted for *A Raisin in the Sun.* And although grand themes and cosmic repercussions are not expected of musicals, an expensive production can—and often does—sweep triviality into a resounding hit.

Let the little thing, the slight thing, the wry thing, stay off Broadway. Bring it to Forty-third Street, like *The Nervous Set,* and expect the worst. The passports to the main stem are Bigness and Slickness.

One of the many barbs leveled by Kerr at the musical was that ". . . the beatnik mind is now within inches of the fifth-rate work of the early twenties . . ." Now, in the first place, Jay Landesman and Theodore J. Flicker, who wrote the book, and Tommy Wolf and Fran Landesman, who wrote the music and lyrics, devote their two acts to exploding the beatnik mind to fragments. In the first act we see our hero, Brad (Richard Hayes), surrounded by creeps in their usual state of trancelike suspension and disdain of grooming. Brad publishes a magazine called *Nerves* for which his hirsute companions write, and maintains an apartment where they flop. In Washington Square he comes upon a delicious clean girl (Tani Seitz) who wears skirts, and a romance forms which develops shortly into a tug of war. The girl, who lives on Gramercy Park, who has parents in Connecticut, and who likes flowers, tries to lure her boy away from the beatniks. She fails, classically, at the end of Act One, and succeeds, all too well, by the end of Act Two. Here is where I agree with Mr. Atkinson that there must be some more inspiring goal for the reformed beatnik than Fairfield County and a candlelit table with a cloth on it. Really, some of the creeps need only a bath and a deadline to make them good companions. And I wish the satire that was so sharp on the beatniks did not blunt itself on the squares in Connecticut. There is a lot more you could do to "upper-class" people than show them wearing satin and pearls, puffing daintily from cigarette holders, and chattering affectedly. The Messrs. Landesman and Flicker missed a trick in not flushing them out of their patios wearing blue jeans and sneakers—only clean.

But their major target is, and remains, the pretensions and confusions of beatnik life and thinking. What I liked especially about *The Nervous Set* was precisely this echo—of the late twenties, the early thirties—that repels Mr. Kerr. It is an echo of impertinence, of freshness long absent from our musical stage. There is even an air of innocence about it that I found touching. This includes the incomparable innocence of the beatniks themselves, who think that by growing hair and wearing leotards and spending their nights in jazz cellars and reading erotica they have achieved Freedom.

And speaking of jazz: the combo that played behind gauze all the way through *The Nervous Set* was alone worth the price of admission.

Or was I bereft of my senses the night I saw it? Who knows, with critics?

RECORDS

Jazz on Stereo

NAT HENTOFF

MUCH of the best jazz is conversational. In the New Orleans and Dixieland front line, there is the buoyant, loosely polyphonic interplay of trumpet, clarinet, and trombone. There are the brass and reed sections of a big band answering each other or commenting on a soloist in the foreground. In modern jazz, there is the multilinear collective improvisation of soft-voiced but intense groups like the Modern Jazz Quartet. Even in jazz that is primarily a series of monologues, there are the constant punctuation, exhortation, and occasional counterarguments of the rhythm section behind the soloing horn.

The hasty arrival of stereo, therefore, promised to be of particular value toward making these dialogues clearer. At first, however, as in several initial classical stereo recordings, there was too often such extreme separation of the two channels that the conversationalists gave the impression of listening to no one but themselves.

In recent months there has been less Ping-pong and more realism. There are still no demonstrable industry-wide standards, and one com-

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pany's stereo can be dizzyingly different from another's—one of several reasons why the purchase of a stereo system with both speakers fixed immovably in one framework is unwise. For jazz, as for other varieties of music in stereo, it's sensible to have the speakers somewhat mobile.

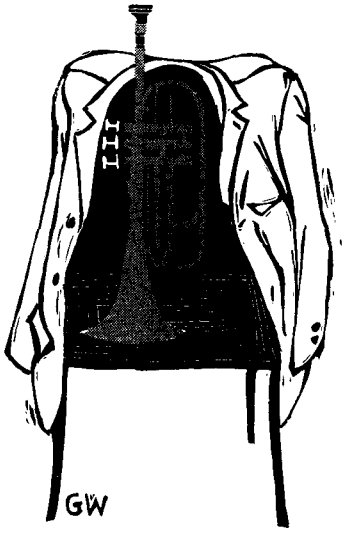
In small groups, stereo jazz is most effective when all or nearly all of the instruments have a well-defined part to play that is not entirely accompaniment. In the Modern Jazz Quartet, for example, the pianist often improvises a counterline while the vibist is soloing, and vice versa, while the bass and drums are also frequently given melodic roles. In stereo, these conversations are placed in accurate spatial perspective, as in *Fontessa* (Atlantic SD 1231) and *No Sun in Venice* (Atlantic SD 1284), the latter being the French film score written by the group's musical director and pianist, John Lewis.

There is a growing concern in contemporary jazz composition for stronger structures to guide the improvising soloists and also for more variegated backgrounds that interrelate more closely with what the soloists are saying. Two such writers, George Russell and Jimmy Giuffre, participate in Hal McKusick's *Cross Section—Saxes* (Decca Stereo DL 79209). The stereo version is greatly preferable to the monaural because it makes the subtlety of the interweaving lines and timbres considerably clearer.

IN A NUMBER of instances an album of solo horn and rhythm section benefits from stereo. But when the rhythm players do nothing but feed the soloist and are entirely subordinate to him, the monaural set is more satisfying because it focuses on the soloist and doesn't divert attention to the mere timekeeping and chord-guiding behind him. When, however, the drummer, bass player, pianist, or all three are especially inventive and are given room to express themselves, stereo again helps make clearer *all* that's going on. Two very good examples are *Art Pepper Meets the Rhythm Section* (Stereo Records S7018, a Contemporary Records subsidiary) and *Sonny Rollins Way Out West* (Stereo S7017).

Stereo is especially apt for Thelonious Monk, the pianist-leader who can be as hypnotic an accompanist as he is a soloist. His accompaniment comments with unerring if unexpected logic on what has gone before in relation to the present melodic development. Monk, therefore, is heard to particular advantage in *Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers with Thelonious Monk* (Atlantic SD 1278) and *Monk's Music* (Riverside Stereophonic 1102).

The theory that large jazz bands should benefit by the added space and depth of stereo has been proved in practice by Capitol's skillful engineers. Nobody in the record industry records big bands more clearly—monaurally or in stereo—than Capitol, as



is evidenced in *The New James* (Capitol ST1037). Aside from the added spatial realism provided by stereo, the record is an invigorating example of the new swinging Count Basie-oriented Harry James band. Unfortunately, the one element lacking in this well-disciplined unit is originality. When the two bands recently played opposite each other in Las Vegas, a musicians' joke had it that Count Basie had asked James with mild irony, "Can we play our arrangements first?"

The two best regularly working jazz orchestras are Duke Ellington's and Count Basie's. Thus far the Ellington material available in stereo isn't his best, and I find the current Basie band much more invigorating in live performances than on record. One orchestra, which until recently has been assembled only for recording purposes, is nearly perfect, however, for stereo. The leader and arranger is Gil Evans, whose very personal writing style is marked by a much more subtle and wider gamut of colors than is usual in large-band scoring. Evans might be called a recomposer rather than just an arranger; in *New Bottle of Old Wine* (World Pacific Stereo-1011) he has selected several standards from the jazz repertoire by, among others, Jelly Roll Morton, Louis Armstrong, Charlie Parker, and Thelonious Monk, and given them new life, with the aid of his principal soloist, Julian "Cannonball" Adderley.

EVANS'S MAJOR ACHIEVEMENT is his writing and conducting for the Miles Davis *Porgy and Bess* album (Columbia CS 8085, also available monaurally, as are all sets mentioned in this survey). This is by far the most valuable of the large number of jazz versions of *Porgy and Bess* being mass-produced this year. The combination of Evans's lyrically dramatic recompositions and the piercing, introspective inventiveness of Miles Davis give the Gershwin score a depth that—to this listener—it has never had before. The richness of the Evans scores is certainly more apparent in stereo than on the monaural recordings—even more, it must be admitted, than it would be in a concert hall.

It should be emphasized that stereo, if the engineers are wise, is not a means of imitating listening conditions in a concert hall. It is as much an idealization as monaural recording, but it can be—for certain areas of music—more effective. As Igor Stravinsky wrote in the New York *Times* not long ago, stereo "is a challenge to concert halls, though most concert halls are too bad to be worth challenging and since most concert halls are not ideal, or even good, I do not see why we should try to be 'real' or 'faithful' to them or why, in fact, we should not accept the stereophonic 'ideal.'"

If "most concert halls are too bad to be worth challenging," the acoustics of most jazz night clubs and most of the sites for jazz "festivals" are so discouraging that any recording "faithful" to them would be unfaithful to the music.

One unfortunate aspect of stereo with relation to jazz, however, is that most of the major labels, in their rush to build stereo catalogues,

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have become even more reluctant than usual to reissue jazz albums. Much of the important reissue material is in the archives of the oldest major labels—Columbia, Victor, and Decca. Since the departure of George Avakian from Columbia there has been no systematic, intelligently planned reissue program there; and in fact, comparatively little has been re-released. Scores of superb recordings by Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, Duke Ellington, and others remain unavailable. (Among model examples of reissue albums are Avakian's *The Louis Armstrong Story,* Columbia CL 851-854; *The Bessie Smith Story,* Columbia CL 855-858; and *The Bix Beiderbecke Story,* Columbia CL 844-846).

Victor has a desultory, disorganized reissue program; some of the re-releases are put on its low-priced Camden label. Much irreplaceable music in the Victor vaults remains untouched, and furthermore Victor's exceptionally well-prepared Label "X" series has been allowed to disappear. Decca's re-release policy is even more chaotic than that of Victor or Columbia.

In France, the Victor division has allowed Hugues Panassié to assemble excellent sets of Big Maceo, Jazz Gillum, Sonny Boy Williamson, and Washboard Sam, while in England it's still possible to obtain recordings of Leroy Carr and Georgia Slim, among other blues players and singers. None of these performers is on LP in America, and their records can be bought only by bidding on collectors' auction lists.

The only label with a consistent and responsible approach to reissues is Riverside, an independent company that now has the richest catalogue of non-hi-fi but peerless historical recordings. Riverside is also producing contemporary jazz stereo recordings, but has not forgotten how much jazz there was before two-channel recording.

THE PRIMARY LIABILITY to jazz in the coming of stereo is that we now must wait even longer before many of the very best jazz performances are again made available. It's as if one could no longer see the films of Robert Flaherty and Charlie Chaplin because they were made before Todd-AO.

BOOKS

The Cabinet and Its Masters

RICHARD E. NEUSTADT

THE PRESIDENT'S CABINET, by Richard Fenno, Jr. *Harvard. $5.50.*

"The members of the Cabinet," Charles G. Dawes used to remark, "are a President's natural enemies." Dawes had been Harding's Budget Director and was Coolidge's Vice-President; his words are highly colored but he knew whereof he spoke. The evidence before him in the early 1920's was extreme. But Teapot Domes aside, a difference between departmental interests and the President's is as old as Washington's time and as new as Eisenhower's. Differences in interest—hence in outlook and in action—are as native to our system as the written Constitution and are traceable, indeed, to its provision for a President apart from Congress, with department heads responsible to both.

The Constitutional Convention is supposed to have established a government of "separated powers." It did nothing of the sort. Rather, it created a government of separated institutions *sharing* powers. President and Congress were made independent of each other, and their separateness has been maintained from then to now by their reliance upon differing electorates. But by deliberate plan, both Capitol and White House were to share—and do share—the governmental powers of the other. And chief among the powers shared has been control of the Executive departments.

Douglass Cater, writing in this magazine, noted not long ago the "curious turnabout . . . from what was envisaged in Constitutional doctrine," whereby Congress "ever attempts to serve as board of review and veto over the ordinary administration of the Executive departments." Yet domination from the Hill today is hardly what it was in Harding's time or Coolidge's. The doctrine that has turned about is that of doctrinaires. The Constitution, on its face, gives Congress no less power than the President to supervise administration, and the power has been used as opportunity afforded. From 1789, when the first Executive departments were created *by act of the first Congress,* authority to organize departments and to legislate what they should do, to furnish funds to do it, to investigate its doing, and to confirm appointees has made Congress a partner with the President—and sometimes the senior partner—in controlling "his" Executive establishment.

DEPARTMENT HEADS who sit in Cabinet with the President are compelled, constitutionally, to serve two masters; he is only one of them. Politically, moreover, they are compelled in some degree to serve two other masters: the technicians who perform the work for which they are responsible, and private groups who benefit thereby. If Cabinet members do not serve their technicians, they may have no troops behind them when they fight the wars of policy; if they ignore their clients, they may be bereft of allies in the legislative struggle for authority and funds. The Secretary of State, who has almost no "clients," is, of course, a special case. But other Cabinet officers, more happily endowed, are unlikely to put themselves in his position by ignoring their own departmental sources of support.

The man who serves four masters cannot help but be somewhat the "enemy" of any one of them, particularly if he also seeks to serve a fifth, his own career. By the same token, any master wanting service is in some degree the "enemy" of such a servant. A President is likely to want loyal support but not to relish trouble on his doorstep. Yet the more his Cabinet members cleave to him, the more they may need help from him in fending off the wrath of rival masters. Help, though, is synonymous with trouble. Many a Cabinet

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officer, with loyalty ill rewarded by his lights and help withheld, has come to view the White House as innately hostile to department heads. Dawes's dictum can be turned around.

A Cabinet member's interests may not be the President's, and vice versa. Neither need his interests be those of his Cabinet neighbors. He may have many "masters" but they are not among them. His responsibilities are his and theirs are theirs. Our system never has and does not now promote the notion of "collective" responsibility.

Considering the ambiguities inherent in a President's relations with department heads—to say nothing of theirs with one another—it is astonishing how much attention has been paid and is still paid to "strengthening the Cabinet" as a means of curing all the ills our government is heir to. It is no less astonishing how readily the most sophisticated commentators write of Cabinet meetings and like gatherings in terms that dignify them out of all proportion to their actual performance or potential. The National Security Council, for example, which comprises half a dozen Cabinet members, is commonly referred to in the press as though it were (or ought to be) a magisterial assemblage of high priests instead of what it actually is, an interdepartmental committee. Compensation for press treatment and reformers' claims is obviously in order. It now has been provided, admirably, in a hard-minded, analytical review of the Cabinet's composition, use, and usages from Wilson's time through Eisenhower's.

RICHARD FENNO is a young professor at the University of Rochester. This is his first book. It is the more remarkable for that. For Fenno, writting without government experience, has managed to develop and display a sensitivity to government-in-action worthy of a senior bureaucrat; his perspective and detachment, meanwhile, remain greater than most bureaucrats can muster on the job, and his research appears as careful as it certainly has been extensive. His book is timely, relevant, and valuable. It fills a gap in the scholarly literature almost as large as that in public understanding. He writes:

The Cabinet has been described . . . as the "board of directors of the nation." . . . Pictures have been painted of the family circle thrashing out the great issues of the day under conditions of the closest intimacy. . . . dogmatic conclusions are not in order, but on the available evidence of the last forty-five years, at least, these versions of Cabinet activity do not square with the facts. . . . It is weakest in performing the function of interdepartmental coordination and in making direct contributions to decisions through a well-informed, well-organized discussion of policy alternatives. It is most

useful as a presidential adviser, in the sense of a political sounding board equipped to provide clues as to likely public or group reactions. . .

In short, this institution is least useful in the spheres where so much has been claimed for it—the spheres of policy; most useful in the one sphere least regarded or discussed by the reformers or the press—political public relations. This is the crux, though by no means the whole, of Fenno's point—a point his illustrations seem to put beyond dispute.

It is a point that will be familiar to those readers familiar with the memoirs of assorted Cabinet officials from Franklin Roosevelt's time and earlier. But it may startle readers who have seen or heard of Eisenhower's highly publicized endeavors to equip *his* Cabinet with the secretariats, agenda, and other paraphernalia characteristic of the paper side of policymaking since the Pentagon discovered the Mimeograph. Fenno does not duck these Eisenhower innovations and he gives them their just due, which is not inconsiderable. But he does not confuse their contribution to good manners with a contribution to developing and executing public policy:

One reason why Eisenhower meetings at their best exhibit characteristics of Roosevelt meetings at their worst is the persistence of departmentalism. But in the Eisenhower system, where Cabinet business is screened through a planning process and where the President's presence is a strong influence for harmony, the most impressive manifestations of this force will not be found in the meeting itself. . . . they will be found in the natural reluctance of the department head to place controversial or sensitive items on the agenda in the first place. This problem manifests itself further in the nature of Cabinet discussion.

One cannot help but sympathize with Eisenhower's Cabinet aides if they should read this book. For while Fenno explores at length the reasons why no interdepartmental gathering is adequate as a device for policy development, his book is not directed toward the difficulty facing those who seek for such devices nowadays: the difficulty that while each department may owe nothing to its neighbors, each is inextricably bound up in their business. In every major area of policy, the problems now transcend the boundaries of departments. Interdepartmental mechanisms cannot help but be appealing to the men who seek to fashion interdepartmental policy. The mechanisms may not be sufficient to the task, but Fenno's cool appraisal of their insufficiency will appear cold indeed to those who now are struggling to employ them.

Unfortunately, it is hard to fathom what could warm their hearts or ease their task. As Fenno notes, "The American political system permits only one coordinator of the coordinators—the President himself."

NINETY-TWO YEARS AGO Walter Bagehot wrote a book contrasting "presidential" government as practiced in his time with the realities of the then British system—a contrast, in effect, between Lincoln's condition and Lord Palmerston's. The contrast did not favor the American example; what it did do was instill in many students of our government a fervent admiration for Great Britain's. Three generations later, during the Second World War, the effectiveness of English staff work

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aroused the same admiration among military officers and businessmen in Washington. It made them ache to graft upon our government as much British machinery as they could.

The paraphernalia of British staff work is now seen in Washington on every hand; indeed, it has been formalized and paperized to an extent the British find fantastic. But the environment in which the work is done remains profoundly hostile, and the staff machinery has yet to produce the smooth-flowing, co-ordinated policy results Americans habitually attribute to the British.

THE DIFFICULTY is not far to seek. In Britain staff work hinges on the Cabinet, an entity which shares almost no attributes except the name with that of the United States. The members of a British Cabinet have a common past and look toward a common future. They are the leaders of their parliamentary party; so they remain, regardless of the next election. All or most of them have served together for long years inside the House of Commons. They know the same profession, parliamentary politics; they know each others' skills and foibles and capacities. Besides, they share responsibility for what we call administration policy. As party leaders, in command of nominations and advancement, they run Parliament as well. When Bagehot wrote, it still was possible to think of British government as "parliamentary" in the sense of ultimate control; party discipline did not hold lines tight five years at a time. Macmillan's situation seems to differ more from Palmerston's than Eisenhower's does from Lincoln's. Presidential government is Presidential still. The "parliamentary" system, though, has become *Cabinet* government.

The contrast with the Presidential system is apparent on all scores; the consequence is bound to be frustration for Americans who seek to make their Cabinet match the policy performance of its much admired namesake overseas. There is no use decrying institutions for a failure to produce what they cannot. One might better decry the men in Philadelphia who framed the scheme of separate institutions sharing powers.

There is an old canard that the extraordinary group of politicians responsible for the American Constitution were naïve, provincial types who had read too much Montesquieu and modeled their new government on an outmoded view of British practice. On the contrary, the likelihood is that these men were both sophisticated and informed about the state of things in London past *and* present.

In framing a new government they did their best not only to avoid control by Parliament of the Executive but rule by the Executive of Parliament. They understood, it seems, and did not like the "Cabinet government" which favoritism, bribery, and corruption had achieved for George III's ministries, working as party discipline does now. And while they knew nothing of modern parties, they contrived their scheme so well that up to now their institutional arrangements have contributed enormously to keeping our own parties from performing here the job that British parties now perform for the Executive.

Results still cheat the hopes of those who look to Cabinet mechanisms as a supplement or substitute for Presidential leadership. As Fenno writes: "The President . . . never holds much power at any one time and is endlessly engaged in the process of making majorities out of minorities, of trying to consolidate enough power to get a decision and to support it." In that endeavor his department heads can be of vital use; they also can be saboteurs, or merely lookers-on. But they cannot be collective doers of his job; he and they are not a collectivity.

You Too Can Be a Landlord

JOHN L. HESS

HOW I TURNED $1,000 INTO A MILLION IN REAL ESTATE—IN MY SPARE TIME, by William Nickerson. *Simon and Schuster. $4.95.*

There were snickers along publishers' row when Simon and Schuster announced the forthcoming publication of *How I Turned $1,000 into a Million in Real Estate—in My Spare Time*. It was suggested that in an attempt at the perfect book title, the firm had somehow omitted sex, the FBI, and God.

The snickers ceased when *How I Turned* took what appeared to be a long lease on the best-seller list. Whether or not all its many thousands of readers become wealthy (the jacket gives assurance that "with average ability, average savings, and average luck—you can become a millionaire"), Simon and Schuster have bought themselves a fine piece of income-producing property.

Actually, the book is not about how Nickerson turned $1,000 into a million in his spare time. In fact, there's not a word about how he spent either his spare time or his time on the job, or about any Nickerson real-estate deals. To be sure, he *says* he made a pile in his spare time, and quit his job to "concentrate on managing my property" when it amounted to half a million. But he doesn't say he *owned* the half million. As he explains in the very first chapter, "Grow Rich on Borrowed Money": "Experienced buyers like myself often secure 100 per cent financing." But for the beginner, "You can normally borrow on a sound basis 75 per cent of the purchase price. . . ." If, then, Nickerson followed his own advice for neophytes, when he quit his job he owned a twenty-five per cent interest in the half million, or $125,000. Not bad. And already, you might say, we have learned a valuable lesson in selling real estate, or books: don't understate your case.

THE BOOK, then, is really even better than an account of how Nickerson got rich: it's about how *you* can get rich. First, he says, "You take the $2,500 nest egg from your savings account . . ." (You thought you were going to start with $1,000? Well, there's the book's second big lesson: never take anybody's figures for granted.) You buy a $10,000 house, spend $1,200 of your savings

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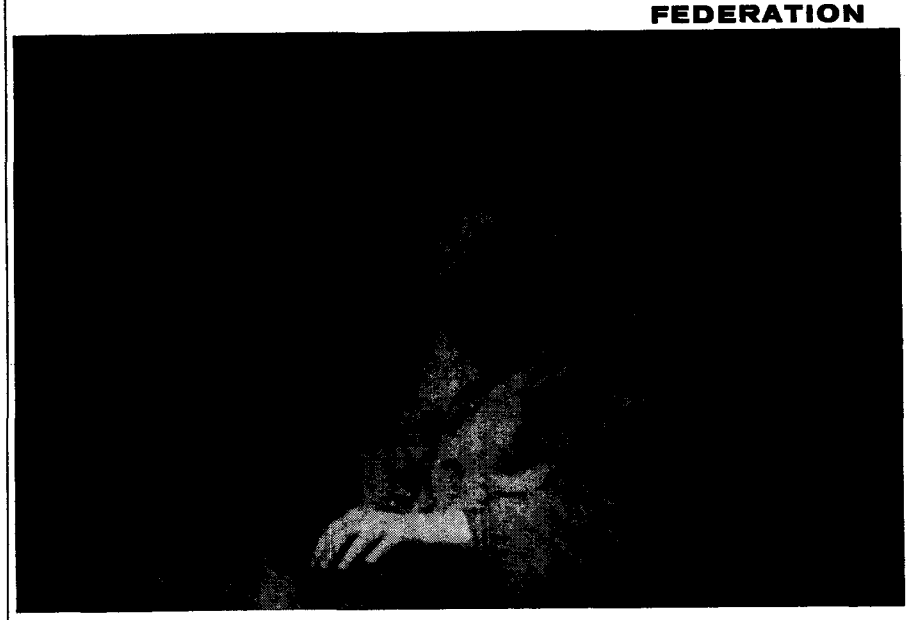
on improvements, raise the rent, and sell at a net profit of $2,100. Counting your $3,700 savings, you now have $5,800, see? With this, you buy a $23,200 property. Add $1,200 more of your savings, improve, raise the rents, and sell the house for $30,500. Keep going. Buy cheap, sell dear. In no time you're a millionaire.

LEST this counting of unhatched chickens alarm the reader, Nickerson at this point assures him, in capital letters, "YOUR CHANCES FOR REALTY SUCCESS ARE BETTER THAN 400 TO 1." His proof is that on a rough computation, only one out of four hundred mortgages held by banks and insurance companies has had to be foreclosed, in a good year. This equation of a cautious bank investment in a mortgage, more likely than not government-insured, with a flier in real estate mortgaged to the hilt, demonstrates the daring that makes millions in one's spare time.

About that spare time, Nickerson has close to five hundred pages of instructions about what to do with it, largely in parables: how to shop for property (don't believe anybody about anything); how to bargain for it (including an absorbing account of how to best a widow in a property swap); how to improve the property (this means anything that will raise income—it often simply means to reduce services); how to hire a manager ($50 a month and free rent turns out to be about right for a perfect, loyal couple to run thirty apartments; the previous owner, a chump as are all previous owners in this book, paid $100); how to evict tenants (the nice ones leave before the end of the month so you can collect double rent by finding a new tenant quickly); how to make money under rent controls (there's always a way to get around them, and you can buy property cheap from the chumps who don't know that); and how to avoid paying even the low capital-gains tax on your profits. (Never sell, *trade* your property, if necessary by a legal fiction; if you want money instead, sell your property for a mortgage, and then borrow cash from a bank against the mortgage as security.)

With all this, millionaire Nickerson assures us, he has "considerable

SAVE THE CHILDREN
FEDERATION



A CRY IN THE NIGHT

Lieutenant Jackson shivered. The harsh Korean winter wind penetrated the thickness of his army overcoat. He held up his hand to protect his face from the biting cold and made a dash for the protection of a wall at the side of the road. As he felt his way along the wall in the darkness, he stumbled over a soft bundle. The bundle moved and a little voice cried out in the night, "Hey, watch out, Mister!"

The bundle that spoke turned out to be a little Korean boy, about 7, who explained that his name was Ho Song and he was huddled against the wall because it was the warmest place he knew in Seoul.

Lieutenant Jackson picked up the youngster and carried him to the camp kitchen. The cook gave him a cup of hot soup and thick slices of bread which the little fellow devoured like a starved animal.

That night, the cook and the Lieutenant put a cot behind the kitchen stove where for the first time in his life, Ho Song slept within warm walls.

In the days that followed, the Lieutenant became fast friends with Ho Song and his little Korean playmates. Inevitably, however, it came time for Lieutenant Jackson to leave Seoul and return to the U.S.A. But his departure did not mean the end of his friendship with Korean children.

A friend across the sea

Home in the U.S.A., Lieutenant Jackson and his fiancée arranged to sponsor a Korean child through Save the Children Federation. They found that a little child across the sea would receive supplementary food, warm clothing, new shoes, household articles and some cash through an SCF Sponsorship. And correspondence with the child through SCF meant hope and encouragement.

The Lieutenant who was on the scene in Korea and knows the needs of so many, many little children says, "Every American who possibly can should give a helping hand. Our sponsorship through SCF has given a Korean child an added chance in this world, and we have made a lifelong friend not only for ourselves but for the democratic way of life."

Won't you join the Lieutenant and the thousands of other SCF Sponsors who bring hope and help to children in destitute areas of the free world?

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Please send me my sponsored child's name, story and picture.

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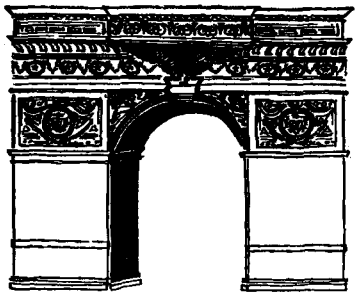

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time out for gardening our sunny acre in the San Ramon Valley, swimming in our back-yard pool, hunting, fishing and traveling."

There is no chapter on what to do if the market for rental housing slumps, vacancies develop, and your equity is suddenly wiped out. The *Wall Street Journal* quoted a Los Angeles real-estate operator just the other day as complaining that the area had been "overbuilt"; desperate landlords were offering two and three months' free rent to prospective tenants. The owners may, however, be able to sell out to readers of this book.

Some of my friends lament, Nickerson writes in italics, *"If you give all your secrets away, you will spoil our chances to make a million as you have."*

My answer is this: Our population growth and time's deterioration of present buildings create plenty of room for all who are interested.

Income property opportunities are unlimited, continuously expanding like the universe.

Here, of course, is the chain letter in all its glory. And it works—as long as more and more people buy, each one paying more than the previous buyer. In the end, everybody is a landlord, happily raising everybody else's rent.

Paradoxically, the overriding motive is not so much greed as a frantic search for security. As Nickerson points out grimly, "The purchasing power of savings put in the bank twenty years ago, for example, would have dropped over 50 per cent, offsetting any interest earned." And with the tax laws loaded against earned income, even a corporation president earning $100,000 a year can't save enough to retire comfortably, he says, so "What chance is there for those earning less?" The only chance is to make it on speculation.

ON THIS growing viewpoint, which is powering the real-estate and stock-market booms, Secretary of the Treasury Robert Anderson commented recently: "If we ever reach the point where people believe that to speculate is safe but to save is to gamble, then we are indeed in trouble."

Publish or Perish

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

THE ACADEMIC MARKETPLACE, by Theodore Caplow and Reece McGee. *Basic Books. $4.95.*

The main consideration in the hiring and firing of professors in American universities, this sociological study makes clear, is "prestige": the prestige of the graduate school that the young scholar has attended, the prestige in his discipline a man has attained, the prestige a man's published work may be expected to bring to a school. There is nothing surprising in this, but one is disturbed to see the misshapen and inequitable way it can work out.

"Prestige" is not the same thing as respect, and its relation to merit is much more ambiguous. Prestige may linger where merit is gone, or attach itself for extraneous reasons where merit never was. (Anyone who has been around much ivy knows the phony growths that can cluster there.) Worse still, respect may be denied to deserving men, schools, departments, and publications because they do not quite fit within the "prestige system." Out beyond the major universities that furnished the "sample" for this study are the bush leagues of the minor universities, and the Siberia of the municipal, denominational, and teachers' colleges, a country from whose bourn, apparently, no traveler returns. (One gathers that if St. Thomas had written the *Summa Theologica* while teaching at Slippery Rock Teachers, it never would have been noticed.)

THIS "PRESTIGE" THING has its effect on the perennial professorial dilemma between teaching and research: the professor is employed primarily to do one thing, but he is

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evaluated, offered jobs, and promoted primarily with reference to another. Good teaching earns only "local prestige"; published work builds that "disciplinary prestige" which these sociologists find to be a chief commodity in the academic marketplace. "It is only a slight ex-

aggeration to say that academic success is likely to come to the man who has learned to neglect his assigned duties in order to have more time and energy to pursue his private professional interests." One of the recommendations at the end of this book is that there be a rank of lecturer for men who are primarily interested in teaching.

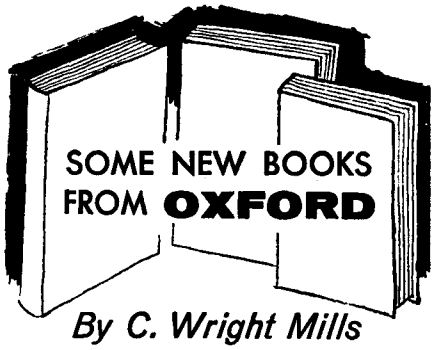
The university does not appear in a very handsome light when seen from the angle of the sociology of faculty employment. Almost every department overrates its standing in the discipline; a colleague who leaves is resented, downgraded, and quickly forgotten; similar patterns of feud and faction within departments, between chairmen and departments, and between deans and departments reappear regularly on many campuses.

In part, this unpleasant aspect is just what the sociological light shows in anything it touches, but in addition there is something here peculiar to the university. At one point the writers observe that "scholars are disputatious, almost by definition," and to this reader that fact appears to have something to do with the problems they describe.

THE ACADEMIC WORLD tends to develop the critical faculties—or at least it should. Sometimes it overdevelops them. A novelist once said that writing in the university was like trying to play the trumpet while people around you were sucking oranges. The professor who has such rigorous and celestial standards that he can scarcely bring himself to publish anything, especially anything that an ordinary mortal can read, is a familiar academic phenomenon. ("Every time he writes a sentence," said a colleague of one of these, "he has to go to a lying-in hospital.")

When the professor tries to apply his rigorous or pseudo-rigorous standards to the increasingly complicated business of hiring colleagues, they may work not in the direction one would hope—toward the regular, rational, open procedures the writers of this book recommend. There is a too great dependence on the reputations of departments: "Unfortunately . . . the initial choice of a graduate school sets an indelible mark on the student's career." There is too much wariness about getting stuck with unprestigious appointees, a wariness that makes for the insecurity of the professor's life. There is a lack of communication and knowledge about vacancies and available men, together with too much dependence on all sorts of highly personal ways of filling the jobs. There are irregularities in salary and benefits, and secrecy about such matters. The recommendations of Mr. Caplow and Mr. McGee attempt to cut through this sensitive, prestige-ridden system to establish orderly and open procedures for the appointment, promotion, and work of professors.

THIS BOOK has touches that make it better than much of current social science: lively quotations which, though they may be given too much significance, overcome the deadness of statistics, and a clear and occasionally playful style. However, one feels that the authors get too much mileage out of only one aspect of academic life, hiring and firing. The material here made into a book might have been compressed into a few chapters or a section of a book dealing with the whole sociology of the university. That would be something.



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The Era of Russian Dissent

KATHRYN FEUER

PORTRAITS OF RUSSIAN PERSONALITIES: BETWEEN REFORM AND REVOLUTION, by Richard Hare. *Oxford University Press. $6.75.*

In the terrain of nineteenth-century Russia, the intellectual historian is wise to tread warily; ideas and invective explode all around; vast swamps of nationalist rhetoric lurk underfoot; and it is easy to read the twentieth century into the nineteenth. In this book Richard Hare, of the University of London, is commendably cautious, and most of his portraits emerge with unusual clarity. For once in a work of this kind, Lenin and Stalin are not espied around every corner; the answers these nineteenth-century writers offered are accepted as answers to the questions they were in fact asking.

Besides novelists, philosophers, and revolutionaries, Mr. Hare includes a discussion of Pobedonostsev, Witte, and Stolypin, three men who dealt in theories but who also wielded great state power. Each stood for one great idea. Pobedonostsev believed that unlimited autocracy must be the sole source of Russia's spiritual and material development, and he consistently stifled any stirrings of initiative from below—even immediately below—the Tsar. Witte fought hard for the industrialization of Russia through private, foreign, and state investment. He saw the unlimited power of the Tsar simply as a tool, superbly effective for good or ill; his concern was not to limit the power but to employ the tool as beneficially as possible. Mr. Hare also credits Witte with originating much of the great idea associated with Stolypin, "the wager on the strong," the decision to replace the peasant communes with free farmers.

MR. HARE tries to show that these men were more intellectually complicated than the single idea each is usually taken to represent. And of course their thinking was more complex—but, it turns out, not much more, for it was grounded and inevitably simplified by consequences, by enactment. In contrast, all the other thinkers in Hare's book were utterly divorced from any influence on their country's affairs. Even two who were in the government service, A. V. Nikitenko, a self-educated serf and principled conservative, who rose to the rank of university professor and state censor, and Lev Tikhomirov, a repentant terrorist who achieved high office in the ministry of internal affairs, record a steady frustration at their complete inability to influence the policies they were administering. The revolutionary terrorists, who must have felt that they were accomplishing *something* when they assassinated Alexander II, soon learned that even in this they were impotent. Their promises to Alexander III to cease all activities in return for

a program of liberal reforms were not so much rejected as ignored.

"The last nine years have seen the development within the International of more ideas than are necessary for the salvation of the world . . . ," Bakunin remarked near the close of his career, "and I defy anybody to invent a new one." So was it in Russia, where a brilliantly fevered intellectual life was created by men who were terribly aware of the great problems and injustices of their social order, who were drunk on western theories (which, as Mr. Hare points out, usually had very lit-

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tle relevance to Russian conditions) and yet always proudly conscious of their own special Russianness, who were imbued with generous visions of a Utopian future but were, in their total isolation from practical power, cruelly and irresponsibly vituperative in their relationships with one another.

These Russian thinkers were at their best in their constant critical interchange, and Mr. Hare is at *his* best when he is recording their tireless debates, at his weakest when he tries to find in their comments an internal coherence which, even when located, usually boils down to some fatuous generality. In this respect Mr. Hare's long chapter on Bakunin seems to me masterly; he explains briefly and cogently just whose ideas Bakunin was revising, denouncing, or ridiculing at any given moment, then lets him speak for himself in a series of extremely well-selected quotations; of these Bakunin's views on Marx are especially valuable, and they are well represented here.

Mr. Hare treats Bakunin as a poet, quoting his best lines and not worrying too much about internal consistency. Unfortunately he treats his novelists as social thinkers, and this doesn't work as well. In discussing Turgenev, for example, he says—what is quite true—that Turgenev dutifully inserted a measure of social content into each novel. He discusses the novels, however, as if this social comment were their chief significance, relentlessly summarizing their plots and treating their characters as real people whose ideas he gravely criticizes. He seems never to inquire how the demands of the novel or the peculiarities of Turgenev's literary style shaped his presentation of ideas.

THE TWO CHAPTERS on Tolstoy are another affair. Relying chiefly on two gifted Soviet critics of the twenties, Shklovsky and Eichenbaum, Mr. Hare discusses with perception Tolstoy's early works; most of the chapter on the later Tolstoy is taken up with an excellent account of his nonfictional writings.

It is Dostoevsky who suffers most from being treated as a thinker. In his fiction Dostoevsky was like the League of Women Voters; through the interplay of his impassioned characters he presented all sides of

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the question, and this interplay is itself the point. But Mr. Hare, like a husband asking what the ladies really stand for, keeps searching for a consistent point of view. And in this search he is inevitably drawn to statements about groups—Jews, Slavs, revolutionaries, Europeans—and about institutions, such as autocracy, Roman Catholicism, pan-Slavism. Now Dostoevsky, as it happened, completely lost his reason when he wrote about groups and institutions; his rantings are of interest only for the limited insight they offer into the pathology of a great artist. Dostoevsky was supremely a novelist, and it is in his supernatural understanding of people—in his eloquent pleas for a pregnant mother driven to attack her stepdaughter by forces she could not understand or in the lovely scene from *The Brothers Karamazov* of Alyosha and the children at the grave of a persecuted little boy—it is in moments such as these that what is unique and essential in his views can be found.

The Ides of May

JOSEPH KRAFT

LES 13 COMPLOTS DU 13 MAI, by Merry and Serge Bromberger. *Available at the Librairie de France, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York. $4.60.*

To millions of Frenchmen all military coups are variants of Napoleon's 18th Brumaire (1799), popular fronts mean *le 6 février* (1934), and de Gaulle is the man of the 18th of June (1940). Distant and largely irrelevant, the historic dates survive and play a part in events like fixations in the mind of the neurotic; and their number mounts. This year, for the first time, France was *en fête* for the "Ides of May."

On May 13, 1958, the Algiers mob sacked the Government General, opening the way to the third coming of Charles de Gaulle and the fourth death of a French republic. Rich in incident and color, the revolution of *le treize mai* was conveniently located and became one of the best-covered incidents in journalistic history. Still, a certain fishiness, an aura of men playing parts already well rehearsed, suffused the drama, inspiring an inquest that now includes more than a dozen testaments. Of these, the best by far is *Les 13 Complots du 13 Mai*, by the Bromberger brothers, a pair of skilled reporters with impressive contacts on both sides of the Mediterranean. Their verdict on the contentious points is that the revolution was made, not born, then filched from its makers and turned to Gaullist account.

"Thirteen plots" is of course an exaggeration, for the reason that toward the end virtually everybody was *dans le coup*. At the beginning, in 1956, two main groups hoped to use Algeria as an icebreaker against the Fourth Republic. The Gaullists (Jacques Soustelle in the National Assembly; Jacques Chaban-Delmas at Defense; Michel Debré in the Senate; Léon Delbecque in Algiers) kept tempers feverish in public, and in private worked for a change in the top military command. Their idea was that new generals in Algiers would take a stand against Paris, forcing the politicians to call in de Gaulle as the one man able to bring the army to heel. De Gaulle himself, "the best-informed man in France," did not lift a finger: "I don't want to hear about anything," he said once when Soustelle sought his blessing. No D-Day was ever set for the Gaullist plot—if, indeed, so strong a word can be used—and on May 13 the principal leaders were in France playing Alphonse and Gaston as to who should descend on Algiers while Delbecque, though on the spot, was hours behind events.

THE PACE was set by a group of local European activists in Algiers, dedicated to the proposition that Algeria should stay French and keen to win the army to their cause. Convinced (probably wrongly) that Pierre Pflimlin was certain to be invested as French premier, and be-

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lieving (with more reason) that once he was in office he would negotiate with the Moslem nationalists, they found occasion for action in a mass rally, called for May 13 to commemorate three soldiers executed by the nationalists. On the night of May 12—and this is the principal Bromberger revelation—seven of the activists swore at a secret meeting to convert the rally into an assault on the Government General: "We must face the army with the choice," one said, "of either joining us or firing on us."

The army did not fire, and an hour and a half after the assault began, the activists were in command. Generals Raoul Salan and Jacques Massu, seeking to bring order out of chaos, placed themselves at the head of the mob. Both generals, by a curious irony, had been earmarked for replacement in the original Gaullist plan. Thus the Gaullists, outmaneuvered, were in trouble.

They rallied smartly. By midnight on the thirteenth, Delbecque was in touch with Salan, trying to mend fences. De Gaulle's press conference of the fifteenth set up an additional pull on the commander in Algiers. Still, on the seventeenth, when Soustelle, eluding the Paris police, reached Algiers, his reception was cool and it was a near thing whether he would be allowed to stay. In the next week Salan broke up a Soustelle-Delbecque maneuver to install a Gaullist directorate over Algeria. The Gaullist riposte was to organize, with help from Massu, a drop of paratroopers from Algiers on Corsica. By that step, Salan "without even knowing it, crossed the Rubicon."

In Paris, the Pflimlin government, its investiture assured by the events of May 13 which won over the Communist vote, had also been wooing Salan. The premier was in daily contact with him, had given him full powers over Algeria, and maintained the flow of food, arms, and men across the Mediterranean. Corsica made further co-operation impossible; and by that time it was too late to fight. The Paris workers, heroes of half a dozen uprisings from Bastille Day to the Commune, now preferred the weekend in the country. All of the higher rungs of the administration were hostile to "the system." General Maurice Challe, as assistant to the chief of staff, supplied troop transports to Algiers to make possible a paratroop assault on Paris; and when a new chief of staff was named, the replacement served Salan and de Gaulle as go-between. President Coty (and this is another major revelation) had sounded out de Gaulle as early as May 5, while Antoine Pinay on the Right and Guy Mollet on the Left were both also in touch with the general. At a cabinet meeting on May 27, René Pleven offered this analysis of the government:

"Minister of defense—The army no longer obeys him.

"Minister of interior—He has no more police.

"Minister of Algeria—He can't go to Algeria."

IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES the only question was whether the government would jump or be pushed. Thanks to de Gaulle's passion for legality, the army held its hand. The Fourth Republic, as Tocqueville wrote of Louis Philippe's monarchy, "was not overthrown. It was allowed to fall."

"The revolution of May 13," the Brombergers write, "was the deliverance of Gulliver." A brilliant parallel, but requiring the added point that in this case the giant was bound by average men and freed by Lilliputians. For three weeks, the men of May 13 lived and breathed Algeria, but at no time did any of the actors put forward a plan or program, or even address themselves to real problems. Soustelle apart, they were amateurs in politics, and like all dabblers more interested in themselves than in their work. It is not irrelevant that many first achieved prominence as athletes. Chaban-Delmas was a Rugby star; Robert Abdessalem (a Moslem Gaullist) was a Davis Cup player. Soustelle's escape was effected by Mme. Dufour, wife of a French golf champion.

May 13 is what happens when democratic governments have to cope on a mass basis with amateurs and adventurers who suddenly are drawn into the world of politics. On such occasions something is sure to be set loose. Not always a de Gaulle.

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BOOK NOTES

CONVERSATIONS WITH IGOR STRAVINSKY, by Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft. *Doubleday. $4.*

Stravinsky is seventy-six now, and still the angry arguments continue that have met his every change of style, his every invention. But as with Picasso, no argument can any longer affect the world's recognition of his stature. The quality of his achievement is based on the fact that from the very start everything he has composed has been disciplined, ordered, and formed to an exceptional degree by intelligence. Nothing—no melody, no emotion—has ever been allowed to drift into shapelessness or repetition. From the folk music of *Petrouchka* through the primitive violence of the *Sacre du Printemps* to the Latin *Mass* and the *Lamentations,* and whether the rhythms are those of the dance or the solemn modes of prayer, there has never been any relaxing of authority. The primacy of the intellect that characterizes Stravinsky's great body of work shows too in this brief volume of his conversations with Robert Craft. There is none of the looseness that talk can lead to. Here everything is sharp, brisk, and clear: "I would like to admit all Strauss operas to whichever purgatory punishes triumphant banality." On D'Annunzio: "Then, suddenly it was discovered that his execrable taste in literature went together with Mussolini's execrable taste in everything else. He was no longer a 'character' and no longer amusing." And on the question of whether one must be a believer to compose religious music: "Certainly, and not merely a believer in 'symbolic figures,' but in the Person of the Lord, the Person of the Devil, and the Miracles of the Church." Stravinsky as a child raised his hat and bowed to the Czar of all the Russias. That seems a long time ago. *Petrouchka* was performed in Paris before the First World War. A long time ago. Stravinsky's friends Debussy and Ravel are long since dead. But what this old man has written is still of our times.

NOW OR NEVER: The Promise of the Middle Years, by Smiley Blanton, M.D., with Arthur Gordon. *Prentice-Hall. $4.95.*

What? Half-alive at thirty-five? Kick that Serutan habit, and let Dr. Blanton, septuagenarian, golfer, colleague of Norman Vincent Peale (in a religio-psychiatric enterprise he modestly terms "The Grand Alliance"), and no mean yea-sayer himself, point out that you are entering the warm high noon of living, the magnificent middle years. Consider! Youth is largely a waste of time, and the uncertainties of old age still are far ahead. Your education is complete and your earning power should be rising to a point where you are freed from the privations of early life. You can lift your untroubled, fully educated nose from the grindstone of daily living and serenely contemplate the magnificent panorama of art, music, literature. It's really quite nice. You can say what you think about modern art. You can be creative yourself: bake cakes, paint the porch steps. The only tools you need are a working knowledge of the forces controlling human personality, a little insight born of experience, a pinch of wisdom, perhaps, and a conviction that the love forces in people occasionally need shoring up.

DOCTOR SAX, by Jack Kerouac. *Grove Press (Evergreen Original). $1.75.*

Banned books, a court trial, earnest analyses in earnest magazines, even recollections of how it all started that day in San Francisco—the vogue of the beat writers has had all the trappings of an important literary movement, lacking only important literature. Now comes what may be the last step in all the fun: the issuing of early, previously unpublished works. *Doctor Sax,* which was completed by Jack Kerouac in Mexico in 1952, is a series of reminiscences of the author's boyhood and adolescence in the French-Canadian community of a New England mill town. Its young hero, Jack Duluoz, recalls the early warming experience of his family, his friends, his games, and his town. At the same time he is somehow bedeviled and educated by Doctor Sax, a fantasy figure who hovers over the darker and more incomprehensible passages of the book and whose dark-caped, sinister lineaments are drawn from comic books, radio shows, and, possibly, the Sandeman Wine advertisements. Doctor Sax has something to do with guilt and sex and evil and knowledge and growing up, but it is not easy to know *what* he has to do with them, in this book which begins with an imitation of Joyce, proceeds through Thomas Wolfe ("O Lost"), and ends up with a pseudo-Blakean apocalyptic vision complete with spiders, monkeys, howling voids, and strategically placed ampersands. Amid the eclecticism, sentimentality, pretentiousness, and verbal hysterics there are, here and there, clear and moving scenes of boyhood. These turn up in descriptions of Jack's relationship to his mother, of his ball games in a sand lot, of a daydream of being a horse-racing magnate, and in a section called "The Night the Man with the Watermelon Died." Jack Kerouac can indeed write well about boys and baseball bats and the river Merrimac. The Lamb of God and the Forces of Darkness are beyond him.

THE YEARS WITH ROSS, by James Thurber. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $5.*

A more accurate title for this book would have been "How I Gave Unstintingly of My Artistic and Editorial Genius in Order to Save the *New Yorker* from the Dumb Slob Who Founded It." Our hero was occasionally compelled to right the wrongs Ross had perpetrated during the day by breaking into his office late at night and forging the editor's initial on re-edited manuscripts before they went to the printing plant. It was a tough fight against terrible odds, but most of the time the good guys won.

Nonsense. Harold Ross cannot have been as lacking in imagination as he liked to appear, and as Mr. Thurber seems to believe he was. The magazine he created would not have been as good as it was—and still is nine years after his death—if Ross were no more than the humorous cartoon that appears in this book. Mr. Thurber, who has known what it is to be a good writer, seems never to have fully understood what it is to be a great editor. Ross's querulous "Who he?" in the margin of a proof represented much more than a bumpkin's ignorance; clarity was always his goal, and he paid his readers the compliment of assuming that they knew nothing but could understand anything.

To be sure, Ross was rudely obsessive. His constant search for an *alter ego* often resulted in a waste of time, money, and talent. He was certainly not, as he sometimes protested, surrounded by idiots, but apparently he could never quite rid himself of the craving to be surrounded by Rosses. Mr. Thurber himself had a brief fling at the job of doing what Ross, with a straight face, called "running the magazine," and he is candid enough to admit that he had faults. The two men who, next to Ross himself, contributed most heavily to the magazine's development in its formative years were probably E. B. White and Wolcott Gibbs. Two other early stars, A. J. Liebling and Joseph Mitchell, are still going strong, and the present editor, William Shawn, is certainly a worthy inheritor of the great tradition. But maybe Ross's most notable failure is to be found in his success. It's a little bit like the New York Yankees. Once victory becomes a habit, the urge to strive after perfection all too often disintegrates into a mere fear of failure, a tendency to do things the way they always have been done—and not to take any chances.

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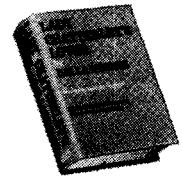

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